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Saturday Review
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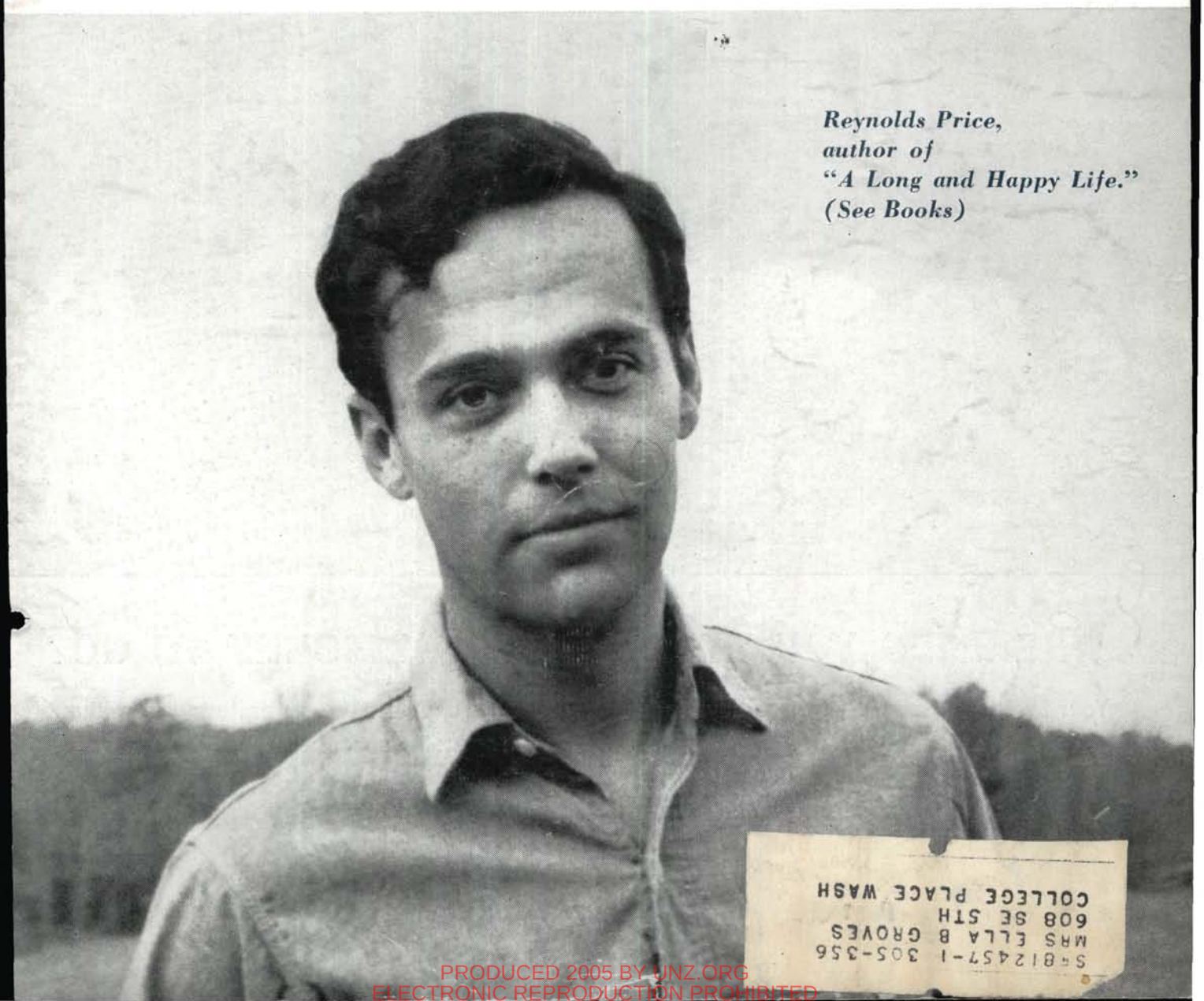
COMMUNICATIONS

WHAT NEWS DOES THE PUBLIC BELIEVE?

By John Tebbel

CHALLENGE TO AN UNKNOWN WRITER

By Joseph Wood Krutch



Reynolds Price, author of "A Long and Happy Life." (See Books)

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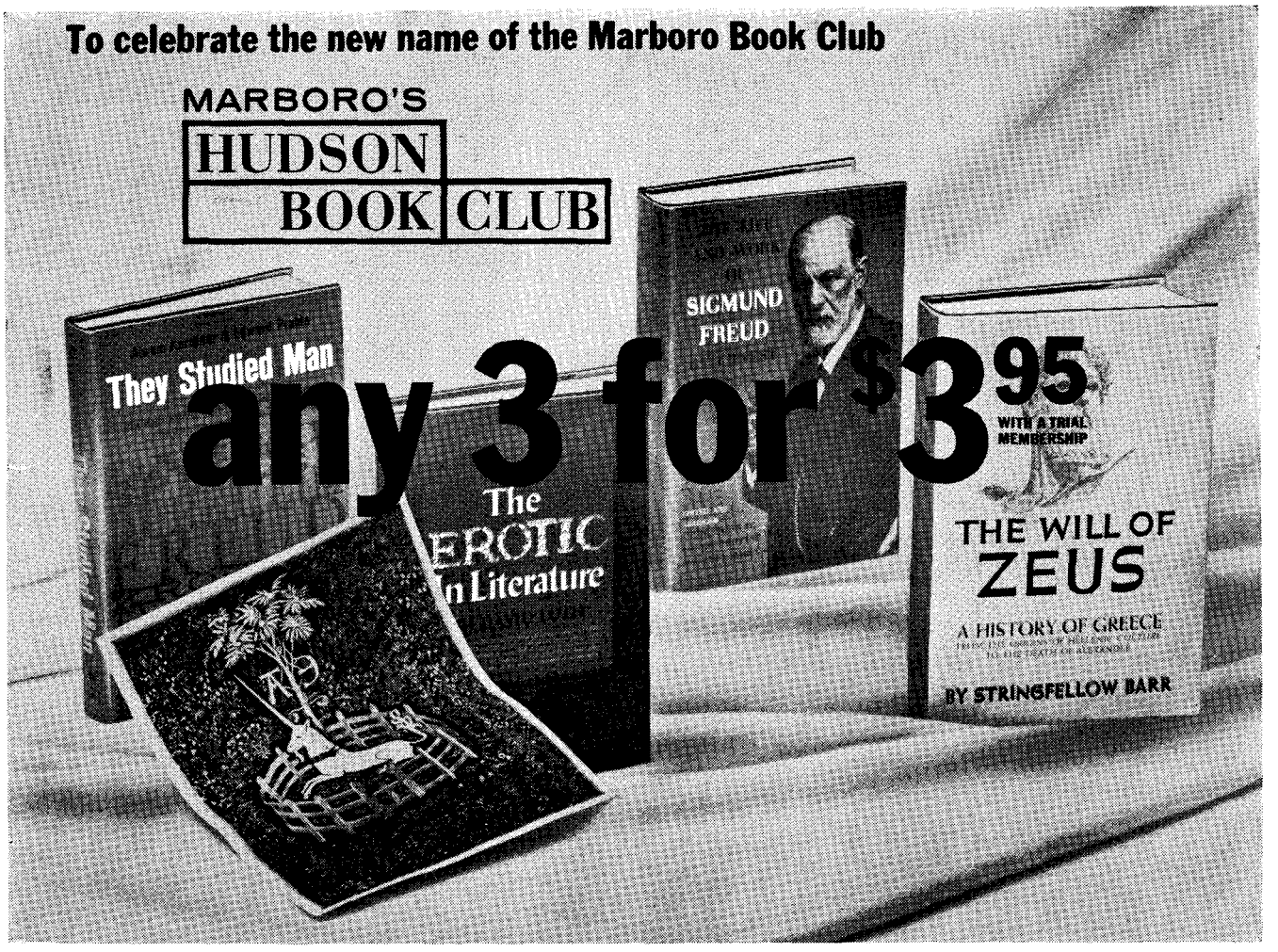

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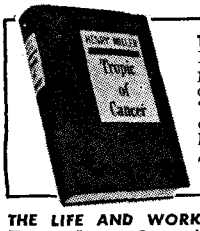

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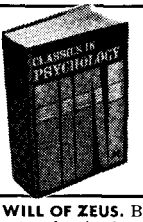

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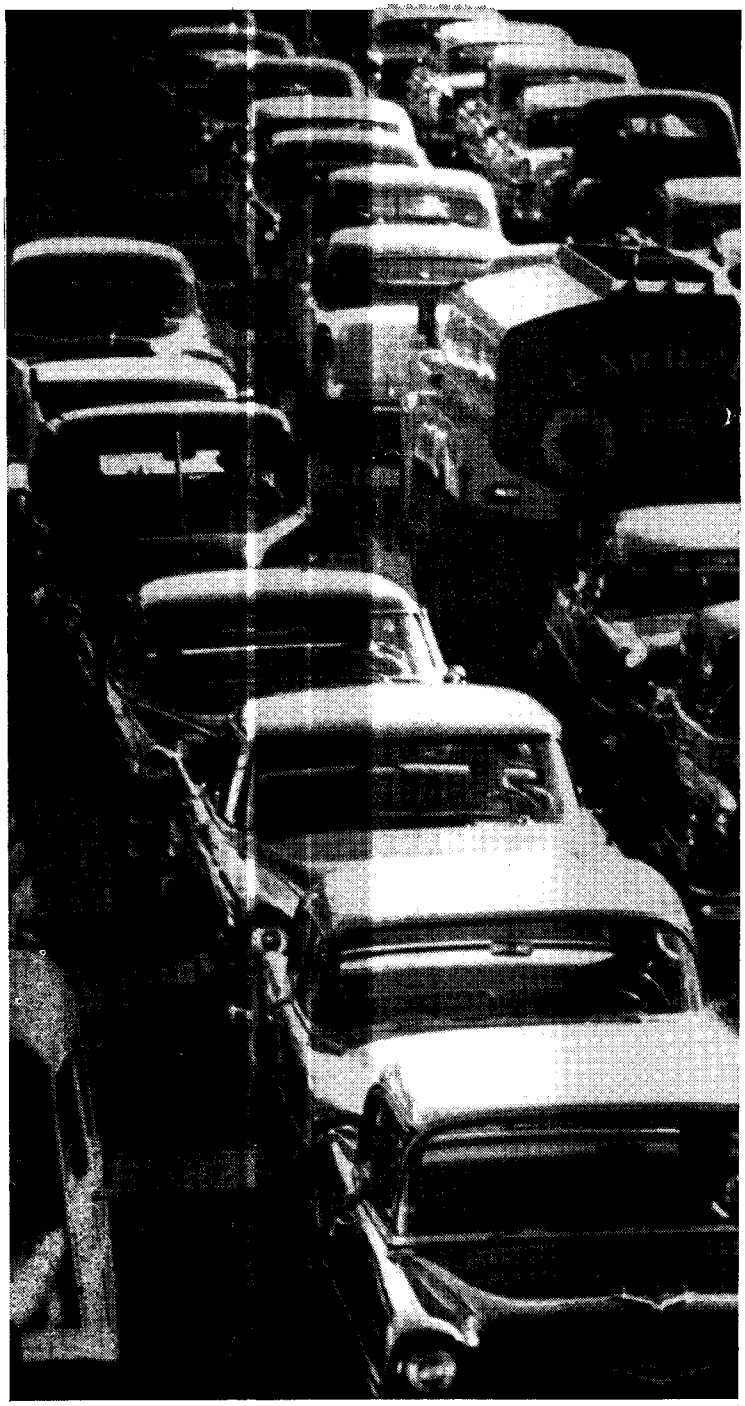

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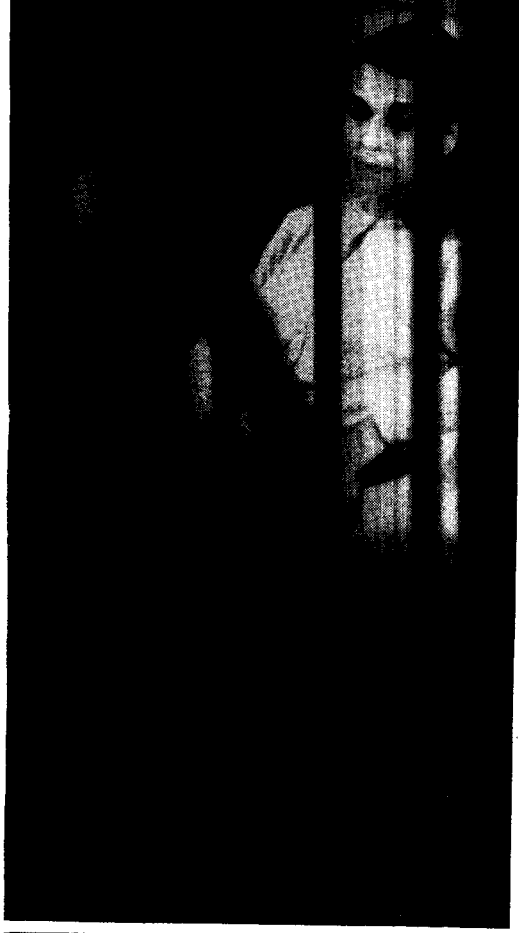

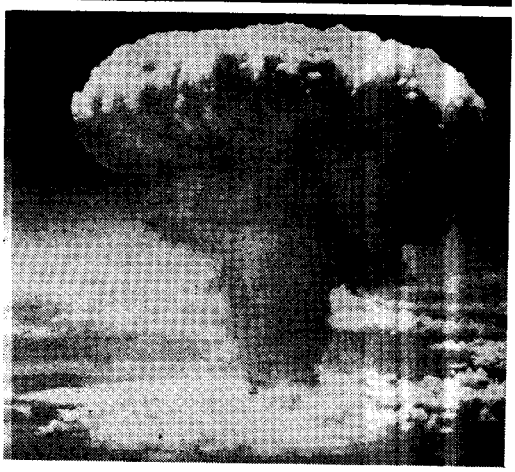

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In the fine print below, this column usually mentions a book store. This time I want to tell you about a new one, too big an event for fine print.

The Doubleday Book Shops range geographically from Boston south to Miami Beach and west to St. Louis, in character from quick-service shops in Grand Central and Penn Station, to larger stores suitable for a dash-in or a leisurely browse. All are spankingly modern and bright. But the pride of the lot is the just-open, wide-open, glass-fronted wonder on Fifth Avenue between 56th and 57th streets. Shining and inviting until late at night, it's becoming the beacon of upper Fifth.

The Shop is one more signal of the book world's general health and a testament of faith in that doddering old institution, the retail bookseller. Like the short story writer and the poet, he is always said to be failing. But somehow the good stories and the good poems and good bookstores often survive, and their creators even prosper.

Still, there are few tougher ways to try making a living than by selling books, one by one. We mourn sentimentally the lost, dusty, piled up, dark shoppe. Like old houses, many were charming but weak in the beams, without facilities, running water or, ultimately, people. Today's shop is usually managed, as before, by those who love books—but they're not above combining that affection with energy and enterprise.

Drop into the good book or department store nearest you. It's apt to be full of life *and* people, both inside the store and inside the covers of its best books.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

There are Doubleday Book Shops in Hartford, Conn.; Baltimore, Md.; Detroit, Mich.; Toledo, Ohio; and New Orleans, La. Consult your phone book for these and other shops.

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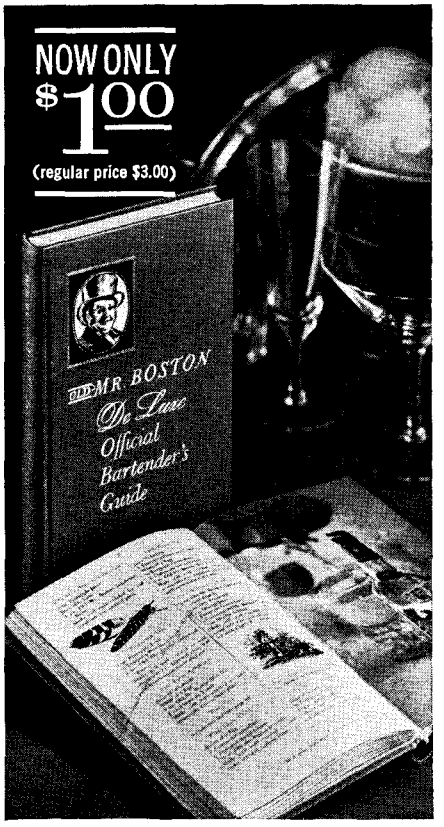

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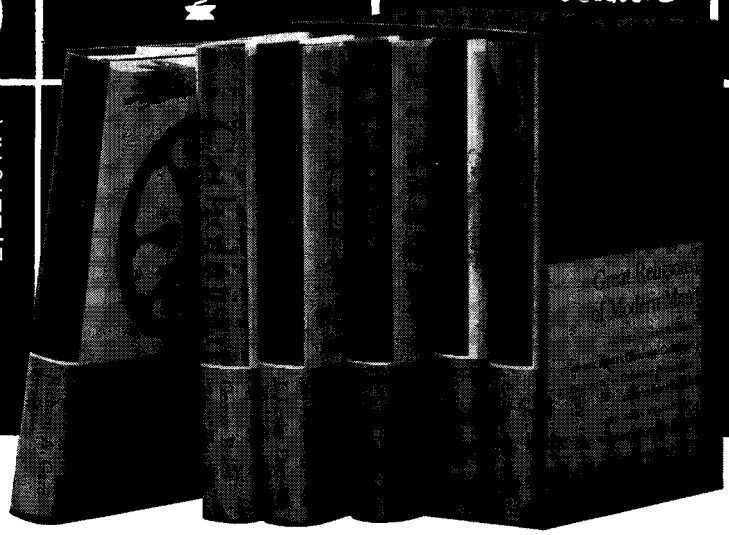

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A DIFFERENT DRUMMER

LAST week on the street, I passed a man who was playing the theme from "Exodus." This somewhat startled me because he was playing it with a full orchestra. I was about to take him to Ed Sullivan when I noticed that he carried a tiny transistor radio.

In the next few days, I passed several more lyrical strollers. Some had radios cupped to their ears, while others wore them like shoulder holsters. But I didn't scoff because Thoreau had said to be tolerant of the man who steps to the sound of a different drummer, even if that drummer is a disc jockey.

Just this morning, I saw one lady pedestrian whose drummer almost killed her. He sent her through traffic to the beat of Tito Puente. Luckily, a cop saved her life by quickly tuning her to the news. Like millions of other audio junkies, those sound-soaked sponges who so dread silence, she'd been moving through life with disconnected eyes. The world can't get through to someone who has the Top Twenty on his back.

As I watched her rescue, another woman two-stepped toward me and said, "When we are dancing and you're dangerously near me, I get ideas, I get ideas."

"I *beg* your pardon," I said, playing hard to get.

However, as she continued chanting in rhyme, I began to suspect that she wasn't making a pass but was merely another protoplasmic loudspeaker. I was sure of it when she said, "I want to hold you so much closer than I dare to," for it definitely wasn't one of my fetching days.

Unless an air raid switches them to CONELRAD, nothing spontaneous ever happens to these addicts, many of whom are literally part of a closed circuit: they wear earplugs from their radios, for they want no unrehearsed sound to jar their swinging brains. I'd always thought that my druggist was hard of hearing, but yesterday I discovered that he takes orders only from his local announcer.

"I'd like some demerol," I told him.

"Sklibba-de-sklabba-de-doop–banh!" he explained.

"Can you hear me?" I cried.

"Man," he mumbled, "I'm being jammed."

Plugs

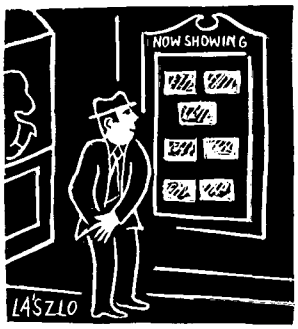
The next time I see an elderly lady turning up her hearing aid, I'll be wondering if she isn't just tuning out the commercials, or perhaps the public service. It's a problem Newton Minow hasn't begun to consider.

—RALPH SCHOENSTEIN.

• • •

MOVIES

THERE is nothing a bikini can do that begins to compare with the effect a yard or two of gauzy veils had on me in an old movie titled "She." I have the idea that I was eight or ten years old at the time, and I may have had a lot of respect for the female form even then, but whatever the situation, there's nothing in modern movies, local or foreign, that today gives me the same old winsome zip.



In the silent film that my older brother, my sister, and I saw back at the Ideal Theatre in our Wisconsin town, Betty Blythe, wearing some thin white veils and, as far as I could determine at my age, little else, stepped into a pillar of fire which was supposed to make her young; instead she shriveled up into a monkey and died. Movies were tricky even then. The fellow who was going to step into the flame with her and live forever had his hair turn white as snow on the spot and he never did get into it. He was too scared.

There is nothing in the world that will give you more of a turn when you are eight or ten or younger than seeing a pretty lady turn into a monkey. The upshot was that my sister, three years my junior, threw up, and everybody in our section of the seats moved out, including my brother. It was embarassing, but neither my sister nor I ever let minor problems stand in our way. We stayed through the rest of the

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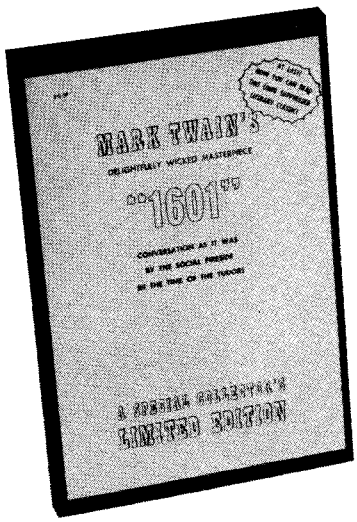

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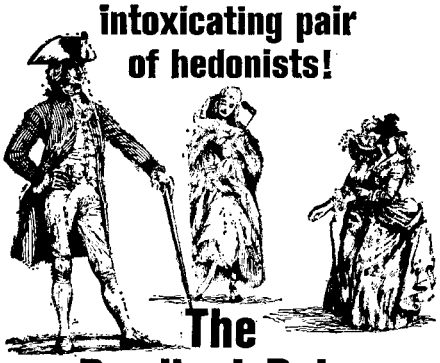
What an intoxicating pair of hedonists!



The Prodigal Rake

Memoirs of William Hickey
Edited by Peter Quennell

Here—out-Boswell-ing Boswell and sketching the age more riotously than Hogarth—a onetime unscrupulous amorist, 18th-century attorney, and hard liver looks back over all the days of his profligacy. Sixty-ish and spurred by boredom, Hickey recalls totally and with a marvelously abandoned pen all the scapegrace activities, seductions, adventures and loves that were his life against a brilliant backdrop teeming with characters—the English social world of George III. *Illustrated.* $6.50

"A literary achievement of the highest order . . . it rivals in sheer lust for life Boswell's London Journal."
—*Saturday Review*

The Passionate Epicure

La Vie et la Passion de Dodin-Bouffant, Gourmet
by Marcel Rouff
Translated by Claude
With a superbly seasoned introduction by Lawrence Durrell

Should a man of passion and palate have to sacrifice the pleasures of one for the other? *Jamais!* Mourning the death of his cook with every bereaved Gallic taste bud, Dodin-Bouffant—that Don Juan of Brillat-Savarins — pursues a new culinary mistress and en route reveals the highly civilized philosophy of French cuisine and the French heart. Nobly executed fare, savored on almost every page, is described with rhapsodic succulence and served up with a glossary of French dishes, sauces, garnishes and some monumental menus. A delectable gift. *Illustrated.* $4.50

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feature and the serial that followed.

I see that American films are considered in a bad way. Maybe they lack imagination. I can't think of any movie I have seen in years that had anybody nearly naked shrivel up before your eyes. Or anybody look so wild as Houdini did when they roped him and put him in a trunk and threw the locked trunk in the East River, which was covered with ice at the time. I could see that he might get out of the trunk, but how would he ever break through the ice that covered him as he was swept along by the current? —Robert LaBour.

• • •

THE SEA HORSE

If you've never seen a sea horse don't bother reading the rest of this because you won't believe it. It has the head of a horse, the tail of a monkey, a pouch like a kangaroo, an outside skeleton like an insect, and two eyes which can look in different directions at the same time, like a lizard or a guy in the black market. And the males bear the young. I don't believe it myself.

You'd be surprised at what a finicky eater the sea horse is. His food has to be live (not taped). And he eats all the time, provided that it's not in a dim light. The water has to be in motion and a string trio wouldn't hurt either.

One endearing aspect of this fish, you heard me, fish, is that it can change color like a chameleon. It does this in response to the time of day, sex, food possibilities, and the latest news.

The mating habits of the sea horse are true, if interesting. When the time comes for parenthood (and this is pretty often) the male, who is really going to be the mother, starts a kind of water dance around the female (Dad). They indulge in a little small talk about the temperature of the tank and what not and then, tail in tail, they float around showing off the ring to the neighbors. After a bit Mother (Pop) makes definite overtures to Pop (Moms). She hands him the eggs and fins away, leaving whatsisname to bear the colts (and that's what they're called, too). There are some technical details that go with this but they're a little too reminiscent of "Tropic of Cancer" for the egghead trade. A lot of it you won't even find scribbled on walls.

Even with all this loose talk sea horses don't breed well in captivity. Confronted with this fact a noted aquarist said, "That's true. But it's really no problem. We just replace them." Giddyap! —Henry Morgan.

Offhand

The True Conformist: He only stays with people who do not share his views. Those who do are not rich enough to entertain him properly. Besides, they all agree with him, and he is a modern missionary who adds comfort to faith. With this he thinks he does not share the views of his patrons and friends, but he shares them in secret even more than in public: he alone is excluded from this knowledge. Still, it keeps knocking on his heart and making him uneasy. He concludes (feeling very oversensitive, almost a martyr) that one cannot be one thing in secret and another one in public, writes a good article which makes him lose some of the favor of the people he is staying with (they call him an anarchist) while he finds consolation in the company of those he is not staying with, who praise him for his courage. But it is not quite clear to him whether it takes more courage to attack those he is staying with or to stay with them after what he has written. In doubt, he writes a second article: on Doubt.

✓ ✓ ✓

It is not true that a crowd is a conglomeration of individuals in a state of confusion due to what lessens their identity: the crowd itself. The very opposite is true: an individual is a conglomeration of confused individuals who have lost their identity because they have been crowded in such a narrow space and have so little time that they stand not a chance of expressing themselves.

✓ ✓ ✓

Modern man with a crowd under his coat cannot live through a whole day with a single opinion of his own. And not even with two: one for the morning, one for the afternoon. Or three: one also for the evening, to go with dinner jackets and with black or white tie. For that is when he meets all the most trite opinions in his heart and they respond from the inside to the twitter outside like birds in a cage when they sing to free birds of their own feather, the moment they are sung to.

✓ ✓ ✓

The courage of fear: You don't learn courage, you learn fear; life is an exercise in fear, courage is the abandonment of the salutary fear that makes us live. You learn courage when you are afraid that fear no longer serves a purpose, and what good is it, if we fear death? —Niccolo Tucci.

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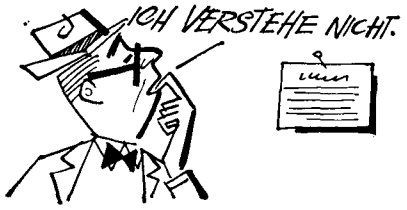
TRADE Winds

TUCKED AWAY in the classified ad section of the local paper in Landrum, South Carolina, a few weeks ago was this notice: "I will no longer be responsible for any debts incurred by Robert or John F. Kennedy."



THE FOLLOWING SIGN, according to *Insiders Newsletter,* is in the Los Alamos National Laboratory's busy accounting office: "Achtung! Alles Lookenspeepers. Das computenmachine is nicht fur gefingerpoken und mittengraben. Ist easy schnappen der springenwerk, blowenfusen, und poppencorken mit pittzensparken. Ist nicht fur gewerken by das dummkopfen. Das rubbernecken sightseeren keepen hans in das pockets—relaxen und vatch das blinkenlights."

THERE ARE A FEW human activities which, I presume, will never lose their fascination for the simple reason that they involve so many combinations, variations, and unexpected developments. A classic example, I imagine, is chess. A newer one might be baseball, when it is played right, or bridge. You can't be bored by these. Reading the dictionary is another pastime that seldom palls. Maybe there aren't as many dictionary readers as chess fans, but there is something exciting about the mere words of the language that makes it possible to open the book and just read the definitions. Of course, it doesn't necessarily do any good. I've been doing it for years and I still have a miserably limited vocabulary and comprehension.

Good news for dictionary readers is a new book by Bergen Evans, "Comfortable Words" (Random House). One entire book devoted to words and phrases and their meanings, origins, and uses and misuses by those of us—that's just about *all* of us—who aren't as wordwise as Professor Evans. His logical argument in favor of the word "heighth" may interest you. The difference between "vittles" and "victuals" is the most amazing story I've ever heard. The reason for the expression "mad as a hatter"—well, that's a new one on me. And why is *SR* called a "magazine"? Since "matinee" is French for morning, why do we use it to designate an afternoon performance?

Well, if you don't care for this form of baseball, you don't. Personally, I ate up "Comfortable Words," although two parts made me especially uncomfortable. One, he shamefully misquoted an old TRADE WINDS column of mine regarding the word "fey," and two, Professor Evans says in his introduction that he has "received more than a million letters" in response to a three-year television show and a two-year syndicated feature. Maybe he should have discussed the word "million" in his book and the way people throw it around without realizing how large it is.

A SELF-HELP ARTICLE in the March *Pageant* gives some answers for those cliché questions people keep asking each other. Samples:

Q. What's new?
A. Didn't you hear? Your house burned down this morning.

Q. How are you?
A. A poor insurance risk.

Q. Hot enough for you?
A. No.

Q. Think it'll rain?
A. Where?

Q. How was the party last night?
A. Why ask? You weren't invited.

Q. Think you can handle this problem, George?
A. No, boss. It's your money; you tackle it.

Q. Do you love me, darling?
A. Only on Sundays.

THE LINCOLN STORIES came thick and fast February 12. He would probably be astonished to hear them himself. One told about the time he was walking down the street in Springfield with his two sons, who were quarreling with each other. A friend stopped and asked what was wrong with the boys. "The same as with the rest of the world," Mr. Lincoln replied. "I have three walnuts and each boy wants two."

SHARPS AND FLATS: You will be happy to know that the Geneva Convention of 1898 outlawed the use of the dum-dum bullet in war. Signatory nations have stuck by their commitment faithfully. The terrible weapon has not been used since. Civilization marches on.

►Harriet McKissock was invited to the Indian Consulate in New York last month to help celebrate the twelfth anniversary of the country's independence. A friend said while she was there she ought to ask a few sharp questions about certain aggressions. "Of course," Harriet replied. "That's why I'm goin'."

►Mort Sahl said that California Governor Pat Brown "attacked Nixon with a blunt instrument, his wit."

►Aaron Stookey reports that there are two kinds of people—those who divide people into two kinds and those who don't.

►The Horatio Gates family, residing in a suburb of Tokyo, had some local workmen install a fireplace in their home. They were not so good at it, and the first time the Gateses lit the fire, the house filled with smoke. Parents and children all ran into the street choking and coughing with their eyes watering.

Mrs. Gates wrote her mother in the States, describing the incident and commenting, "We are all laid up because of the Asian flue."

►After a visit to this country, an English friend of Garry Moore's summed us up this way. If at the entrance to the Pearly Gates there were signs pointing in two directions—THIS WAY TO HEAVEN and THIS WAY TO LECTURES ABOUT HEAVEN—Americans would follow the second one. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1457)

G. VASARI:

Heaven sometimes showers infinite riches on one sole favorite—treasures which are usually distributed over a long period of time and among many individuals. This is clearly shown in the case of Raphael, as excellent as he was graceful, modest, and good.

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Saturday Review
MARCH 10, 1962

CHALLENGE TO AN UNKNOWN WRITER

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"WHEN half gods go the gods arrive." So at least said Emerson in words which summed up well the attitude of the Victorians. They were reeling under the impact of their century's multiple skepticisms but they were still able to believe that it must all be "somehow good."

We who were young in the Twenties did not quote Emerson very often but we were very busy getting rid of half gods and we believed in our job because we assumed—without always bothering to say so—that the gods were waiting to take their place. First of all, we said, let us get rid of Puritanism and Provincialism, the two great enemies of the freedom to be ourselves. And we were sure that we had selves which deserved to be free.

Almost every work of literature in any form was iconoclastic. Edgar Lee Masters and Sherwood Anderson we admired because they destroyed the idyllic image of the village; Sinclair Lewis because he did the same for the image of the small town. We admired Lytton Strachey because he revealed the clay feet of heroes and we imitated him clumsily in biographies which degenerated into that vulgarest form of idol-breaking which we all too appropriately named "debunking." If we were at least hectically cheerful that was because we cheerfully assumed that our gods (pagan gods, we hoped) would come. The new world was to be a merry one.

Freud we greeted with enthusiasm; and by selecting only the negative portions of his doctrine we assumed that he, too, was important chiefly because he exposed errors and seemed to encourage us to scrap the long-accepted patterns of behavior. Those critics and philosophers who dealt with concepts more abstruse than Puritanism and Provincialism were also largely concerned with clearing the ground. Remy de Gourmont—once much read but now apparently almost forgotten—popularized the general term "the dissociation of ideas," by which he meant the most radical possible dissolution of the habitual patterns associating one idea with another. Consciously or unconsciously, Proust was following him when he undertook to "dissociate the ideas of love and permanence"; Pirandello, when he attempted to dissolve the concept of a continuous personality or ego. When Eliot wrote "April is the cruelest month" he was dissociating one of the oldest associations, spring and renewed hope. Aldous Huxley was doing the same thing rather more obviously when, for instance, he described his lovers "quietly sweating palm to palm."

Incongruity rather than congruity became the accepted form of the metaphor and "the moon shook like a piece of angry candy." In much fashionable poetry, syntax was thrown to the winds. James Joyce all but destroyed language by making it a succession of incongruous puns. In Paris they proclaimed "the revolution of the word" and dadaism went the whole way by insisting upon radical meaninglessness. But just as the gods were expected to step in when the half gods went, so, too, new associations were supposed to form once the old had been broken.

Like Emerson, Matthew Arnold also had tried to believe that though one world was dead there was another waiting to be born, and we, who thought ourselves so new, were unconsciously echoing him also. But the new world has not been born and the true gods are slow in arriving. Sinclair Lewis could expose Provincialism but he failed to create "a cultured heroine" who convinced anyone. We were no longer Puritans and we hoped that we were no longer provincials. We were free. But we did not know what we were free for. When the ground was cleared only Eliot's wasteland was left. We are now waiting, not for God, but for Godot. And even he is not expected to arrive.

The most obvious aspect of the new freedom was, of course, the sexual; and it was to some extent a sort of symbol of all the others. He who rejected in that department the mores of a preceding generation would be prepared, we thought, to reject all the others. Dissociation was again the method. If we could dissociate the ideas of love and permanence we could also dissociate "sex" from "domesticity," from "fidelity," and, of course, from "sin." Freed from all the arbitrary associations which had resulted in the frustrations, repressions, and guilty misery of the Victorians, it would form other and happier ones. Ultimately, so we believed, the idea of sex would associate itself cheerfully with such ideas as playfulness, joy, fulfillment, and

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even just plain fun. In certain previous ages it had at least come somewhere near doing just that. And we assumed (a bit unhistorically perhaps) that pagan Greece represented an even more desirable synthesis and set of associations.

If we were ever actually successful pagans during some years of the Twenties we did not remain such for long. If one may take today's novels as evidence, we get precious little joy, fulfillment, or even fun out of sex. The heroes of Tennessee Williams are more bedeviled by it than the Pilgrim Fathers ever were. If there is anything which the heroes of contemporary fiction in any form most assuredly are not, it is happy pagans.

Just how those who neither write nor read fare in this respect is harder to know. "Popular culture" is certainly not timidly puritanical in its exploitation of "sex appeal." Almost all popular songs treat of love. The most improbable products—toilet paper, for example—cannot be advertized without the cooperation of some voluptuous female. The moving pictures try desperately to outdo one another in being "frank, explicit, free," or, as they say, "adult"—this last being, curiously enough, the exact opposite of what the marriage counselors call "mature." Moralists are prone to assume that all of this means that we are abandoned devotees of the Venus Pandemos and that the man in the street, unlike the intellectual, is reveling in pagan orgies. But I am not quite sure that this is what all this desperate emphasis upon the delights of sex really means.

Anthropologists tell us that in primitive societies fertility cults involve erotic dances, and the exhibition of realistic or symbolic representations of the sex organs. But some of them, at least, add that this means, not that primitive people are obsessively attracted by sexual activity, but that they are not. The purpose of the rites is to work up an interest in something they tend to forget all about.

I am now about to ask a question rather than to make a statement. But I cannot help wondering if the dutiful wolf whistle and the mammary fetishism do not suggest a similar state of affairs. If we were really so randy as we pretend to be would we need all this stimulation? Certainly the names of and the publicity for the more expensive perfumes suggest that women are compelled to use desperate means to provoke even the most libertine of proposals. After all, the nightclubs, the musical shows, and the "continental" movies are only Barmecide feasts. Do most of the spectators proceed from them to their private games or (depending upon age) do they either resume their longing for a sports car or their perusal of the *Wall Street Journal*?

So far as intellectuals are concerned, their plight seems to be, in part at least, due to the fact that instead of finding any idea which can be pleasantly associated with any other, they go from dissociation to dissociation. Once we were content to say that we did not understand the universe. Now we declare that it is radically incomprehensible. Mr. Mencken set out to prove only that the "American Way of Life" was absurd; now, as existentialists, we have given "absurd" a technical meaning and accept it as the primary characteristic of the universe.

"Only he who has chaos within," said Nietzsche, "can give birth to a dancing star." But though we have chaos aplenty the dancing stars are few. "Nonconformity" is, I suppose, a middle-brow rather than a high-brow ideal but it, too, is characteristically negative. Like "freedom," it is meaningless unless you know for what purpose you refuse to conform. "Mother," runs a current quip, "why aren't you a nonconformist like everybody else?" If "existential," "absurd," and "alienated" are the three most fashionable adjectives, the phrase which will best establish you as "projecting a contemporary image" is "the search for identity." And that is the latest way of saying that you feel lost. Being lost is the inevitable result of being free and nonconformist without knowing what you are free or nonconformist for. To have an identity it is necessary to know what you belong to as well as to what you do not.

Ideally, the business of the "intellectual"—in the special, narrow sense of that word—is to define ultimate values. The business of the statesman, the sociologist, the economist, and the lawmaker is to devise the means by which they can be made to prevail. But rarely have the two groups paid so little attention to one another. The first are still predominately iconoclasts verging toward, if not actually accepting, a nihilistic despair. Many, at least, of the second are full of hopeful plans to abolish racial and economic inequality, to raise still further the standard of living in our own country, to develop the undeveloped countries, and thus to fulfill the hopes of the world.

IN a recent issue of a scholarly magazine the director of a large foundation addressed himself to the question of "Our National Purpose." What aim, he asked, lies beyond the immediate, almost solved problem of securing the benefits of our affluent society to all citizens of our republic? And the answer which he finally came up with was this: "Why, to confer upon the inhabitants of the whole earth the benefits of our own prosperity and our own way of life." But are we so sure that we Americans lead not only a good life, but the very best life, and that an adequate national purpose is simply to spread it far and wide? To some of us it seems that we could do with some of the kind of fundamental questioning which intellectuals are supposed to provide but which we do not get much of in any usable form. It is hardly fair to blame the doers for not consulting the thinkers if the latter will tell them only that a Good Life is impossible in an "existential" and "absurd" universe.

The two groups are literally poles apart. At one pole is the social engineer who relies upon economic reform and "proper conditioning," which latter is to be achieved by the application of those methods of manipulation that "the behavioral sciences" have developed and which (when applied by our enemies) we call "brainwashing." At the other pole are the intellectuals who recommend only that we strive toward that existential resignation which makes the absurd acceptable. If the former actually are on the right track; if society makes men and if most men would be happy in a world where they would find "things" sufficient if only we have enough of them, then we seem to be headed for a civilization in which everybody will be content except the thinkers—who have grown desperate.

Perhaps that is, indeed, the civilization we now have. The consciously "alienated" are certainly a very small majority. The majority may be, as the minority insists, vaguely and subconsciously anxious and discontent. But so far as I can observe, those who have fast cars to drive, TV sets to look at,

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and cake as well as bread to eat do not consider their world "absurd" and if they long for anything it is not usually something the intellectuals promise them. Nor is this to be wondered at. If the only choice is between a sort of comfortable barbarism and despair then I suppose that the first is a wiser choice.

Would it be reasonable to hope that literature might do something to rescue us from nihilism on the one hand and from thoughtless adjustment to a kind of life which is abundant without being good? Would it be reasonable to ask, even, that it should make some effort to do so?

Many will reply that to ask such a question is to bring out into the open at last the Philistinism they had suspected from my first paragraph. The business of the writer of fiction is, they say, to describe life as it is lived. All art "expresses" or "reflects" the world in which the artist lives. If contemporary literature is confused, dispirited, and ugly, why, so is the modern world. It embodies the spirit of the age. To do anything else would be to betray its function.

Before we accept that answer as final we might dare to question two of its assumptions. Does contemporary literature adequately describe life as it is led in the twentieth century? If it does, then is this all that the literary art should be expected to do?

ACTUALLY, of course, no literary work in any form describes all the kinds of life being lived at any time. The writer could not, even if he would, do that, and he rarely attempts to do so. He selects aspects, puts his emphasis on one thing rather than another, describes what he himself finds most interesting or even, in some quite respectable instances, what is most readily marketable. The heroes of our O'Haras, to say nothing of our Mailers and Joneses, may be, as their creators would maintain, the most characteristic and the most significant of our age. But they are certainly not the only kind of people who exist. William Dean Howells has been often ridiculed for saying that it was the business of the American novelist to describe only "the more smiling aspects" of American life. But absurd as that was, it is no more absurd than the assumption that he should describe only those which grin and grimace and gnash their teeth though they never smile. A generation ago G. K. Chesterton defended Dickens against a charge that his geniality and optimism were exaggerated by saying that they undoubtedly were; but no more exaggerated than the gloom of Dostoevsky. It merely happens, he added, that today exaggeration in one direction, but not in the other, is regarded as reprehensible.

More crucial is the question whether to "express" or "reflect" the spirit of the age is indeed the only proper function of literature. Does it not also, and should it not also, at least influence if it does not create that spirit? We still use the phrase "creative writer" but if he only "reflects" and "expresses" then what does he create?

Perhaps the almost unquestioning acceptance of the theory that art is "a reflection" is another example of the extent to which Marxist theories have tended to dominate the thinking even of these who would not call themselves Marxists. If all philosophies and all convictions are mere "ideologies" and therefore mere reflections of the dialectic of an evolving society, then a reasonable corollary is that literature is, in turn, a mere "expression" or "reflection" of both the society and the ideologies that society has generated. But if one believes that art leads some kind of independent existence, that men make the societies they are in turn made by, then the creative writer, like the thinker of every kind, is not merely acted upon. He also acts. "As a man thinketh so he is" embodies at least as much truth as any Marxian assumption that what he thinks depends merely upon what he (and his society) are. To a considerable extent, at least, we see life as it has been presented to us in the books we read. The spirit of the age has been created by its artists at least as much as it has created them.

"If it were not for poetry few men would ever fall in love." So declared La Rochefoucauld in one of the most often quoted of his proverbs. If you understand "love" to mean an emotion which grows out of the association of a whole complex of ideas with nascent sexual attraction, then the epigram is as true as an epigram need be. The poets whom La Rochefoucauld had in mind made the associations. His saying is also rather truer than what is implied by those who maintain that literature can only "reflect." No man can write love poetry, they seem to say, because nobody falls in love any more. But perhaps more modern intellectuals would fall in love if more of their favorite poets taught them how.

If this really is a meaningless universe —and I am not existentialist enough to be sure that it is—then one thing is certain: great literature describes life in terms which confer meaning upon it. Twenty-eight years ago, when I myself had recently ceased to believe that getting rid of half gods was sufficient to assure the arrival of the true ones, I wrote in a book ("Experience and Art") a paragraph by which I will still stand:

"If Love and Honor and Duty can be salvaged, then someone must write about them in a fashion which carries conviction. If we are to get along without them, then someone must describe a world from which they are absent in a fashion which makes that world seem worth having. And it is just the failure to do either of these things quite adequately which reveals the weakness of contemporary literature."

At the end of a recent and much admired play by Ionesco the hero proclaims that he himself, all alone if necessary, will refuse to turn into a rhinoceros. That is a good beginning. But what is it that he intends to remain? Just not being a rhinoceros isn't enough.

"What do you mean, they're getting divorced!"

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The Hidden Philosophy of Americans

By JAMES K. FEIBLEMAN, *professor of philosophy at Tulane University and author of more than twenty books on science, philosophy, and cultural affairs.*

MANY YEARS AGO I found myself at a rather large dinner party seated next to an elderly and very dignified lady who refused all my overtures at polite conversation. Then, between dessert and coffee she suddenly turned to me and said, in a reproachful tone that suggested she was charging me with a criminal offense, "I hear you are a philosopher."

I admitted the truth.

She drew back and stared at me with unmistakable approval. "But," she insisted, "you are too young to be so resigned."

Later it occurred to me that what she was expressing was only a very common attitude inherited from the nineteenth century. We do tend to think of philosophy as some sort of passive contemplation conducted in impotence, a sort of private consolation for public failure. We tell the man who has not succeeded that he should not despair but should learn instead to take his defeat philosophically. Most people understand by philosophy a set of teachers and books gentle in their import but practically powerless. Nothing could be further from the truth. The common misuse of the word "philosophy" conceals the vastness of effects which are subterranean but governing—implicit yet so pervasive as to be rarely detected.

The great power of philosophy is something like this: to give both a driving force and a focus to a sprawling, many-sided society.

A pervasive antiphilosophical attiattitude has just about prevented the recognition of this fact in the United States. Formal philosophy is not cultivated, nor is its informal presence and power recognized or admitted. Formal philosophy may stagnate and die under the circumstances. Informal philosophy does not advance, but it does not die either. And so a philosophy of the United States does exist, imbedded in our culture as the presuppositions of its practice. Here and there a little exposed philosophy shows above the surface like tiny patches of ground in snow, and when it does we can see what it is and, perhaps, how it affects the nation.

The philosophy of the United States may be called idealistic materialism. An idealism with regard to the reality of universal truths. A materialism with regard to the reality of particular things.

Idealism credits a superior permanence and reliability to the mind and its contents. Idealism implies a reality of ideas of perfection and of the mind which knows them. There is no distinction in idealism between the independent being of the ideas of perfection (as maintained by Plato, for instance) and the importance of the knowing mind (as maintained by Descartes). A subjective idealism is confused with an objective idealism, and all that is certain is the supremacy of idealism. The existence of matter is either doubted (as with Bishop Berkeley) or actually denied.

Materialism, on the other hand, insists on the superior reality of matter. The material world of concrete objects in time and space, together with their energy and motion, is all that is important. Man takes part in this world chiefly through his actions. The human mind becomes a kind of secondary or derived affair to which we need assign no great prestige.

Now the curious thing is that the two parts of the American idealistc materialism hardly fit together. Indeed, the situation is worse than that: they are opposed. Idealism asserts the reality of mind over the reality of matter; materialism asserts the reality of matter over the reality of mind.

There is, then, the ever-present danger that the two halves, which live an uneasy life together, will split apart. They do so regularly. The cleavage shows clearly in both the theory of the American thinkers and the practice of the American people throughout the country's history.

In Europe, Bishop Berkeley had insisted that matter was nothing but the complex of our sensations, but the great Sam Johnson had kicked a stone to show that the sensations were caused by something material. The tradition of American thought has shifted back and forth between these opposites. American idealism, which began with the early ecclesiastic authorities, has received formal expression ever since Jonathan Edwards (1703-58). Edwards founded his idealism on the European philosophers, on Bishop Berkeley, on Ralph Cudworth and other Neoplatonists. Reality for him was reflected in human thought and in the reality of God's mind. Almost a century later idealism first found its full American voice in Ralph Waldo Emerson. Aided by Berkeleian subjectivism, Emerson developed transcendentalism. He felt obliged to doubt the existence of matter, as Turgot had advised all competent metaphysicians to do. Emerson's idealism was colored by religious emotion, by intuition rather than by reason. For him the spiritual life was manifested in human existence by the over-soul revealed in man's mind.

Edwards marks the faint beginnings of idealism. Materialism in the United States began in the same period—with Cadwallader Colden (1688-1776). Matter itself, Colden declared, was unknowable, but we could know it through its actions. And he went on to emphasize this phenomenological aspect of action: it is through action that things impinged on our senses. As idealism matured in Emerson, so did materialism become self-conscious with Thomas Cooper (1759-1839). Cooper defended materialism more than he explained it, but he understood matter as active as well as extended, capable in itself of attraction and repulsion.

Materialism was succeeded by the philosophy of experience—called pragmatism. Action for Colden was a way of knowing matter. But the pragmatists, who were the new philosophers of experience, were not interested in matter. Action was their touchstone.

The man who was responsible for pragmatism was the greatest of American philosophers, Charles S. Peirce. He tried to fuse idealism and materialism. He found a place in the same philosophy for both the logic of ideals and

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the world of nature. He returned to the Colden concept of action—but this time as part of the meaning of truth. It is possible to accept both the transcendentalism of principles and the naturalism of material events, Peirce suggested, but only if we suppose that both are developing from a world of chance to one of order, and if we insist on learning about principles by the painstaking but reliable method of experiment practiced by the physical sciences.

In the hands of his followers, the two traditions diverged again. William James (better known for his psychology) picked up the materialism and Josiah Royce the idealism.

Peirce had argued that if a proposition is true it will work in practice. He was, however, far more concerned with truth than with workability. William James, his good friend and disciple, was listening but he misunderstood. He twisted Peirce's statement to say that if anything works in practice, that means it is true. James was more concerned with workability than with truth and so he gave to the pragmatic maxim the traditional American stamp of action, practical success, and utility. He took the materialistic side of Peirce and was able to put into words what everyone already believed.

Royce, another friend and colleague of Peirce at Harvard, adopted the idealistic side. He was interested in religion and in his hands Peirce's idea of experience became a sort of infinite experience of the Absolute. And so the materialism and idealism in American philosophy split apart again. No one is trying theoretically to fuse them now.

So much for the career of opposites in the thought of American philosophers. The fact is that every society has a built-in philosophy, an underlying set of ideas whose truth is so taken for granted that they are almost unknown even to those who hold them. In this way a hidden philosophy makes the culture possible, and culture makes an exposed philosophy possible. We get the culture from the ideas which are sufficiently broad as to lie within it unseen and unfelt, and we get the philosophy, which consists in the books and professors, from the culture.

But the philosophy of a culture grows up within it at the same time that its results occur. Slowly in the social body, through the customs, the institutions, and the loudly proclaimed set of preferences, a central core of general ideas is assembled. No one yet knows the method, and there are no controls. The method, so far as it can be talked about at all, consists in a slow seepage. The rule about philosophy in this sense is that it is never called out by name. It gets into the culture through language, through the arts, through the customs, through the arrangement of institutions, through the contribution of individual men of genius, through other and more subtle means which have not yet been successfully isolated. But the philosophy does circulate, and later on, when we are in a position to see the culture as a whole (which is always some time after it has ceased to exist except in history), we can identify it with some degree of reliability. The professional philosophers reflect the culture. As one might expect, therefore, it is possible to find in social events the same split philosophy.

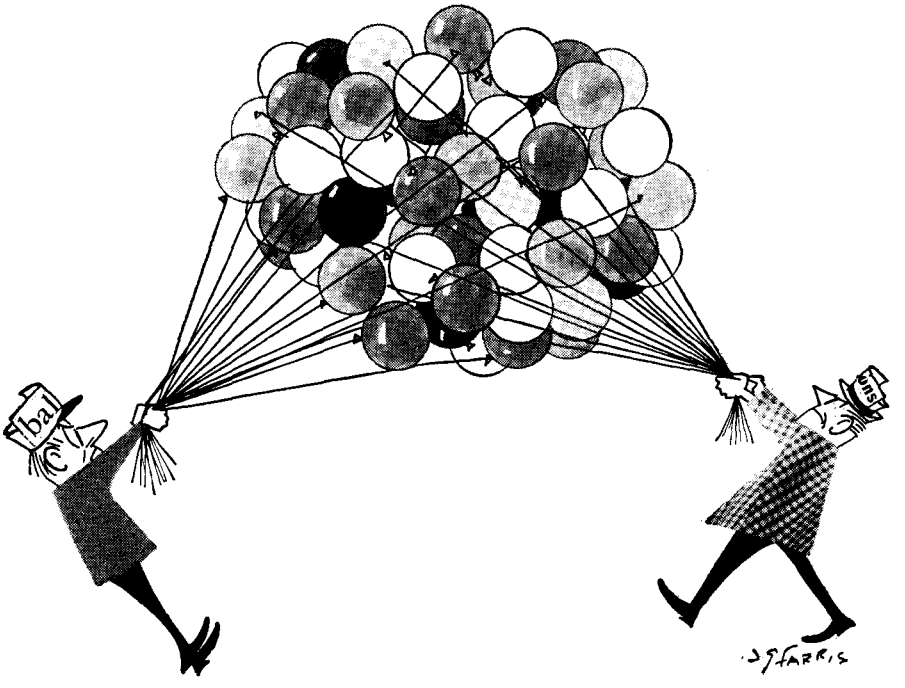
OUR social tradition contains the same conflicting elements: the idealism of Christian piety and adherence, and the materialism of hard work and capital accumulation. You can see the split philosophy at work on Americans in a famous piece of advice: "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," advice which was echoed many years later at Pearl Harbor in "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition." The successful men in this tradition embody both strains—Rockefeller, for instance, with his philanthropy and his oil properties. The most famous spokesman for this group was much earlier: Benjamin Franklin. The two conflicting elements met in cheerful combination in Franklin. Hard work meant—logically and inevitably—practical success with its resultant health, wealth, and wisdom. Material good followed from material means and the whole thing was suffused by the glow of idealistic righteousness.

Few people today have Franklin's cheery faith. As in theoretical philosophy, the two halves of the tradition have split apart again. In present-day America the alternation of idealism and materialism explains a good deal in the way of irreconcilable policies and practices. It explains the idealism of our foreign policy and the pragmatism of our domestic programs—a foreign policy conducted on the assumption that treaties made with other nations have the inviolability of contracts between individuals under the sanction of state power, and an internal policy that makes the most of individual competition and the struggle for survival. Idealism explains the great revival of interest in religion and the great number of new churches. Materialism explains the production of 7,000,000 cars a year and the enormous vogue for gadgets like radios, electric toasters, and washing machines. The idealism is recognized in the religions subscribed to on Sundays, and the materialism in the business practices that prevail on weekdays: in the spiritual exaltation of the one and the material profits of the other—a heavenly goal, but with cash in the bank.

The alternation of opposites explains our idealistic attitude toward the United Nations and our materialistic preparation for total atomic war.

It is part of our idealism that we insist on proclaiming a high moral code—and part of our materialism that the only real immorality lies in getting caught. It is part of our idealism that when seriously ill we send for the priest and part of our materialism that first we send for the doctor. It is part of our idealism that we are slow to provoke to violence, being reluctant to believe that conflicts cannot be settled short of war, and part of our materialism that we are great fighters. It

(*Continued on page* 55)



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Country Girl Burdened with Love

By GRANVILLE HICKS

REYNOLDS PRICE is one young writer—he was born in 1933—who cannot complain that his first novel has been neglected. In advance of publication **"A Long and Happy Life"** (Atheneum, $3.95) has been heartily praised by Eudora Welty, Stephen Spender, and Lord David Cecil, among others, and *Harper's* magazine plans to publish the entire novel in a special supplement. Happily, the book deserves the attention it is being given.

It is a love story, and one of the simplest and most poignant I have ever read. Rosacoke Mustian has been in love with Wesley Beavers for six years, and she has never known, and does not know when the novel opens, what he feels about her or whether he feels anything. On the surface they are just ordinary young people: she lives on a farm in North Carolina and works in the local telephone exchange; he, recently discharged from the Navy, is selling motorcycles in Roanoke.

The novel begins with a dazzling passage:

> Just with his body and from inside like a snake, leaning that black motorcycle from side to side, cutting in and out of the slow line of cars to get there first, staring due-north through goggles towards Mount Moriah and switching coon tails in everybody's face was Wesley Beavers, and laid against his back, like sleep, spraddle-legged on the sheepskin seat behind him was Rosacoke Mustian who was maybe his girl and who had given up looking into the wind and trying to nod at every sad car in the line, and when he even speeded up and passed the truck (lent for the afternoon by Mr. Isaac Alston and driven by Sammy his man, hauling one pine box and one black boy dressed in all he could borrow, set up in a ladder-back chair with flowers banked round him and a foot on the box to steady it)—when he even passed that, Rosacoke said once into his back "Don't" and rested in humiliation, not thinking but with her hands on his hips for dear life and her white blouse blown out behind her like a banner in defeat.

When one first reads the paragraph, it seems excessive, almost flashy, but then one realizes how much Price has done, how much he has told us about Wesley and Rosacoke, how well he has suggested the setting of his tale, how beautifully adapted his style is to the movement he is describing. As one reads on, he proves to be a stylist of great resourcefulness. He effectively uses not only the vocabulary but also the syntax of common speech: "Everybody was bowed, including Baby Sister who took prayer serious to be so young." Yet he can range as far and as high as he sees fit.

THE novel begins with Rosacoke at the funeral of a Negro girl, Mildred, a friend of hers who has died while bearing a fatherless child. From this touching scene, observed with the greatest precision, we move rapidly to a boisterous picnic and then there is an inconclusive conversation between Rosacoke and Wesley. By this time we know both of them well. Wesley is headstrong, wayward, self-centered, and aloof, but we suspect, as Rosacoke does, that there may be more to him than is immediately apparent. As for Rosa, she is just a country girl, bright enough in her way but remarkable in only one respect—her bottomless capacity for love. She demands little of Wesley, but she would like to know where she stands.

This, of course, is what she cannot know, and, as the story develops, we feel her agony. At last she gives in to Wesley's sexual importunity, hoping that in this way she can come to terms with him, but she finds in the end that they are further apart than ever, and she is left with nothing but pride and despair. When she discovers that she is pregnant, she cannot bring herself to let Wesley know but resolves to bear the burden alone. That her friend Mildred has died in childbirth, that her sister-in-law has borne a dead child, these are not thoughts to comfort her, but fear for herself is nothing in comparison with her loneliness.

The novel comes to its climax with the Christmas pageant in Delight Baptist Church. Although he has scarcely

THE AUTHOR: Reynolds Price writes from Merton College, Oxford—where he is "neither teaching nor studying" but working on a long story which he hopes will complete a collection—that "A Long and Happy Life" was two years in the writing and "nearly two more years 'in production' (like 'Ben Hur') but for all the wait, I still think it says most of what I meant and a good part of what I believe." Rosacoke Mustian had a pre-existence in a story called "A Chain of Love" written in 1955 when the author, now twenty-nine, was a senior at Duke University. The characters in this story came from Warren County, North Carolina, where he was born, spent his childhood summers, and finished grammar school. A central character in the story was an adolescent girl named Rosacoke Mustian. In 1955 Price went to England as a Rhodes Scholar, and during his three years at Merton College wrote a few stories. "They were all set in Warren County," he says, "though by then it was not the Warren County of the map, and sometimes I would think of writing more stories about Rosacoke, who had lingered unasked. But not aiming to found New Yoknapatawpha (Warren County is 800 miles from there) I resisted till I read the letters to Santa Claus in the *Warren Record* in 1957 and suddenly knew the pressure was too great. I worried though," he says, "about starting in Oxford, which is quite a way from North Carolina, so that year I only made notes for what I guessed was a 100-page story. Then I went back home in 1958 . . . and began the story. Two years later it was done and was a novel." Last year Reynolds returned to Oxford. "I am here," he explains, "because I was happy here, because some of my closest friends are here (the English specialize in friends), and because at the end of the summer I can return to North Carolina and see things fresh." He expects to spend the summer itself in Crete—"Most of Oxford is beautifully man-made. Most of Crete won't be. Think of it all, prostrate under that sun." But the young author is reluctant to discuss the writing he is doing now. "I know," he says, "the perils of counting pre-hatched eggs."

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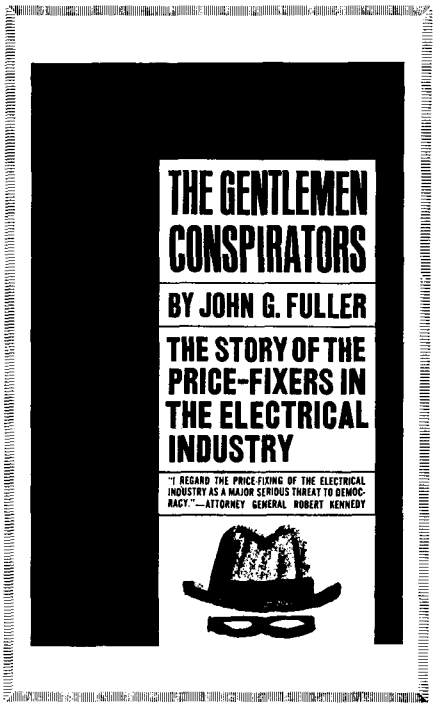
seemed to try, Price has made us acquainted with the little community: paralyzed Mr. Isaac with his faithful colored servant and his horehound candy, the multitudinous Guptons, the members of Rosacoke's family, and all the others.

The pageant is like a thousand other pageants that take place in small towns every Christmas in every part of the country, and Price records it with tenderness and exactitude: the songs, the extemporized costumes, the cheap jewel box and the butter dish in which the Wise Men carry their gifts.

Because Willie Duke Aycock has run away to get married, Rosacoke has to take the part of Mary, watching over one of the Gupton progeny while the angels and the shepherds and the Wise Men make their appearances and sing their songs. As she sits there, Price takes us inside her mind, so that we feel with her as we rarely feel with a character in fiction. "All this time," she thinks, "I have lived on the hope he would change some day before it was too late and come home and calm down and learn how to talk to me and maybe even listen, and we would have a long life together—him and me—and be happy sometimes and get us children that would look like him and have his name and answer when we called. I just hoped that."

The ending is ambiguous, but the epigraph, which is from Dante, permits us to believe that the briar may blossom, that Rosacoke may realize some part of her dream. But that doesn't really matter. We have shared in Rosa's great ordeal, and it is an experience not soon to be forgotten.

ALTHOUGH he writes of simple matters, Price can make use of sophisticated literary devices. There are certain motifs that recur: the deer, Mr. Isaac's spring, the pecan tree, Rosacoke's father's sunken grave. The hawk Rosacoke sees and the white heron she doesn't see are both significant. When she says she has hoped that she and Wesley "would have a long life together . . . and be happy sometimes," she is unconsciously and ironically echoing something she said about Mildred at the funeral service: "There I was just wanting to give her a pair of stockings and wish her a long and happy life and she was already gone." Indeed, the last scene, the scene of the pageant, is full of echoes, and one realizes how carefully conceived this apparently artless narrative is. All the author's skills, however, are tools in the service of this insight, which is phenomenal. To have created Rosacoke Mustian is an achievement that the most mature novelist might envy.


THE GENTLEMEN CONSPIRATORS
BY JOHN G. FULLER
THE STORY OF THE PRICE-FIXERS IN THE ELECTRICAL INDUSTRY
"I REGARD THE PRICE-FIXING OF THE ELECTRICAL INDUSTRY AS A MAJOR SERIOUS THREAT TO DEMOCRACY."—ATTORNEY GENERAL ROBERT KENNEDY

By HARVEY J. BRESLER, *an active contributor of articles in the socio-economic field.*

THE AUTHOR of **"The Gentlemen Conspirators"** (Grove, $3.95) took time off from the gentle sanctuary of a literary columnist's easy chair to go fishing in the murky waters where lies the economic predator. He has come up with a prize catch—the story of the greatest price-fixing and bid-rigging scandal in our industrial history.

It all began with a reporter for a Knoxville, Tennessee, newspaper who, dutifully scanning a routine TVA news release, took a double-take when he noticed that four leading electrical companies, in response to TVA's request for sealed, secret bids on certain equipment, had each submitted the identical bid of $112,712. He proceeded to dig. Two years and four grand juries later, reporter Julian Granger was to hear a federal judge sentence seven of the highest executives in the electrical industry, from such firms as General Electric and Westinghouse, to jail sentences of thirty days each; their corporate employers were fined an aggregate of more than two million dollars. And the economic headaches of the twenty-nine companies involved are just beginning: they are being swamped with lawsuits by aggrieved customers who may, under the law, recover three times the amount of each overcharge. Since the latter could run as much as 40 per cent and the total transactions to some seven billions, retribution by these malefactors may come high indeed.

The crime as charged was a conspiracy to circumvent the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. Over a period of many years, according to "The Gentlemen Conspirators," top officials of certain outstanding companies held clandestine, conspiratorial meetings for the express purpose of fleecing the private and public purchasers of virtually all the heavy machinery used to pump electric power over the country. The steps, says John Fuller, were simple: "Split the pie up in proportion to the weight of each company; squash any outsiders who try to compete; decide on who gets the contracts; fake other bids to make them look legitimate, push the prices up as high as possible—and there you are."

The author emphasizes that an even greater affront to "we the people" was the hypocrisy of men like Ralph Cordiner, head of General Electric, who were publicly praising our anti-trust acts as bulwarks of competition and free enterprise at the same moment that they were taking steps to undermine their foundations and dividing up the loot. Another insult to the intelligence was their pious avowals that they were unaware of the hanky panky which for years was going on under their very noses.

This thoughtful, well-written book reminds us that the electrical conspiracy is but one instance in a disheartening pattern of hundreds of similar anti-trust violations in many industries. It proposes that this country take steps to curb the concentration of excessive power in the hands of big corporations that extol free enterprise while sabotaging it. Such reform, highly to be desired, may be long in coming. In the meantime, we can only applaud a long-suffering Public, which, in a Philadelphia courtroom one wintry day last year, rose up to smite its tormentors.

The Cornered Market

THERE SEEMS to be little doubt that fewer and fewer corporations are gaining control of more and more products which the consumer must have in order to exist. The four largest producers of electric bulbs account for 93 per cent of the shipments of this product, according to the 1954 Census of Manufactures. The same figures reveal that three automobile companies control 95 per cent of the market. Four dairy producers control 56 per cent of the market. Only four manufacturers control 71 per cent of the biscuit and cracker market, 87 per cent of the hard-surface floor covering market . . ., and so on.—*From "The Gentlemen Conspirators."*

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Troubadour of the Flapper

"Scott Fitzgerald: A Biography," by Andrew Turnbull *(Scribners. 323 pp. $5.95), concentrates on the dilemma of the creative man trapped in a maze of destructive distractions. James Grey frequently writes on modern American literature.*

By JAMES GRAY

SCOTT FITZGERALD has been presented as a lost angel of literature, as a tawdry victim of ambition, as a kind of synthetic Dionysus of the Prohibition era, as the author-actor-producer of a naïve, boyish version of Walpurgis Night, as a doomed creature exploded out of the pages of Freud. In the midst of this suffocating concern, expressed in terms of adulation, curiosity, envy, awe, and denigration, what his reputation has wanted is room in which to breathe. To recover him as one of the "sad young men" whose personal histories were their own preoccupation, we have had to wait until the clamor of his recent second tour of the sensation circuit could fade away. This is what Andrew Turnbull has accomplished.

Scott Fitzgerald had a dazzling gift, and Turnbull's biography is basically an account of the tormented stewardship of this gift. The novelist's life seemed to begin in a shower of gold. Handsome, gay, friendly, and generous, he glittered through the phases of early success. At twenty-four he had become the author of a best-selling novel and made a romantic marriage. The official troubadour of the flapper and chronicler of the jazz age, he lived a personal life (it could not be called private) that reached nightly climaxes in alcoholic foolery. His intent as an artist was sober and his standards were demanding, but Fitzgerald the human being strove to be "forever panting and forever young."

Then foreboding undertones crept into the orchestration of his life. Zelda Fitzgerald, also a beautiful original, witty and wayward, began to see her husband more as rival than as complement to her own high spirit. Snatching feverishly right and left for an art of her own, she undermined the supports of her existence and played perversely on the punishing tensions of her inborn

—*Eareckson.*

Scott Fitzgerald—"Too often the gifted boy took over."

weakness. In the end no one could deny that she was mad, the victim of schizophrenia.

Though Fitzgerald made it his mission to see her cured, he did not succeed. His life became a constant struggle against sorrow, against the influence of his wife's obsessions, against his own alcoholism, and against the ever-mounting debt which circumstance had loaded on a man whose earning power was great but still insufficient to meet such torturing needs.

The central theme of this finely searching study is the dilemma of the creative man trapped in a maze of destructive distractions. Fitzgerald himself once wrote, "I have been a poor custodian of my talent." But the drama lies in the heroic effort to master responsibility toward the job. Living in chaos, struggling much of the time through the tragic immediacy of anxiety, he still demanded of himself the artistic scrupulousness that is owed to high endowment. He wrote "Tender Is the Night" over and over again. The potboilers that he had to produce for survival filled him with distaste, yet he could not fail to try to make each a fragment of himself, somehow a reflection of his distinction at its best. He valued distinction in others. Recognizing Hemingway as a man with a unique art, he sought him out, fed him lavishly on praise, smoothed the way toward publication. To many who came uninvited to Fitzgerald's door, bringing manuscripts, he gave time, thought, and solicitude while his own work waited.

So the essential story is not, as one elaborate account has tried to make it appear to be, that of an *arriviste* who was determined to be a personage and who tripped himself up on the way. It is not one of grimly vapid moral emphasis showing that it doesn't pay to fly too high. It is not the story of a man drowning unmentionable shames in alcohol. It is that of an artist struggling with his art.

Severe judge of himself that he was, Fitzgerald knew that his successes were intermittent and scattered. Only in "The Great Gatsby" did he achieve the perfection of form that he always sought. A handful of his stories—"The Rich Boy," "The Diamond as Big as the Ritz," "Babylon Revisited"—reveal the craftsman at his most precise and the man of imagination at his most sensitive. The other novels, packed as they are with insights, betray his problem. It is not one of cynical concession to his own fluency nor of hasty inconsideration. His tragedy was that, haunted by insoluble personal problems, he was frustrated of the power to conquer form. The worst of his faults survived in the best of his work. In "Tender Is the Night" the *ignis fatuus* of his own inspiration still trapped him in bogs of lush rhetoric. The impulse of the artist was betrayed by the faltering energy of the unhappy man. Too often the gifted boy took over.

In many ways this book might serve as a model for a certain type of biography. Andrew Turnbull attempts to offer no full-dress review of Fitzgerald's work. He concentrates on the story, and he tells it admirably. It is an advantage to him that he knew Fitzgerald personally but not intimately. The gap between man and boy separated them when they first met. But respect and liking were there to support and illuminate an analysis that began with a sense of critical responsibility.

Fitzgerald would have been pleased with the candor of the analysis and with the compassion that restores dignity to his tragedy.

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To Him Sisyphus Symbolized Man

—*Henri Cartier-Bresson.*

Albert Camus—"a halo that no longer risks being shattered."

"Albert Camus, 1913-1960: A Biographical Study," by Philip Thody *(Macmillan. 242 pp. $4.50), concerns itself chiefly with the French writer's moral and political philosophy. Leon S. Roudiez is associate professor of French at Columbia University in New York.*

By LEON S. ROUDIEZ

ACCORDING to a recent survey, Albert Camus remains one of the favorite authors of the younger generation in France, and his premature death explains in part why they admire him more uncritically than they do Sartre. He has, in their eyes, acquired a halo that no longer risks being shattered through daily encounters with sordid political realities. That Camus himself, in the later years of his life, gave the impression of eschewing such encounters has made him the target of considerable criticism from the Left. Philip Thody, in his concluding chapter, carefully records and evaluates the castigations of Roger Stéphane, Albert Memmi, and the like; although sympathetic to Camus's position, he finds the criticism largely justified on practical grounds. One can easily agree that it is good to have men of intellectual standing who are willing to plunge into the fray and try to settle pressing social and political problems at great personal risk—and also regardless of consequences. But it is even more important that there be a few others who, even if ignored or scorned, will rise to remind us that the concept of man transcends that of an efficient political animal.

Mr. Thody does not, however, concern himself exclusively with political effectiveness; his book, "a biographical study," aims to scrutinize the whole of Camus's activity. He is no newcomer to the field: the present volume is a revised and enlarged version of a study somewhat hastily put together five years ago. A considerable improvement over that earlier work, his new book can be placed alongside those of Germaine Brée and John Cruickshank and not suffer too much from the comparison. The three volumes actually supplement one another in a most useful way. For instance, while Mr. Thody once again goes over the prewar years, he places much more emphasis on Camus's brief journalistic career and gives a detailed account of the articles dealing with the Algerian situation in 1938-1939.

IF Philip Thody's book supplements the other two, it does not in any way replace them. On the one hand, he has not had access to the notebooks (presently being published in France), manuscripts, and other private papers of Camus, and thus cannot claim to have provided a definitive scholarly assessment. Nor has he, on the other hand, succeeded in giving us a truly authoritative critical evaluation; this is partly due to his ideological interests, but also because he allows a scholarly curiosity to hamper his role as a critic.

As an illustration of this kind of interference, there is the search for autobiography in fiction. A great deal of fascination is involved in attempting to trace a fictional character's behavior back to a precise experience of, or statement by, its creator. After all, creative writers have usually had to extract the essential components of their heroes out of their own beings. But so much of a writer's complex personality is necessarily left out of any one character that such investigations have only an indirect bearing either on the esthetic and emotional experience of the reader or on the significance of the work as a whole. Attempts to decide whether Tarrou, for instance, is or is not speaking for Camus on this or that page of "The Plague" degenerates into a search for "message" and "ideas," and neglects the more fundamental and ambiguous matter of esthetic meaning.

The limitations of this volume are also evident in the fact that the works discussed in a most illuminating way are those that, like "The Stranger," have already provoked a considerable body of critical comment. Mr. Thody's footing is less sure when he deals with "The Fall" and "Exile and the Kingdom." When he examines "The State of Siege," which, as Camus admitted, had received "an unmerciful slashing" at the hands of most theatre reviewers, he appears unable to go beyond a summing up of the reasons why the play was not a success. But what of Camus's dramatic intent? And might not this box-office failure have some positive contribution to make to the esthetics of the French theatre? The thought suggested by another critic, that "some of the hostility to 'The State of Siege' was hostility to its best qualities," simply does not occur to him. Camus's plays, quite possibly, are not first-rate theatre; but to criticize "Caligula" or "The Just Assassins" because "one very rarely has the excitement of wondering what is going to happen next" is utterly irrelevant. Anyone who is inclined to wonder too much about that sort of thing might as well read Erle Stanley Gardner and leave art and literature alone.

Mr. Thody has written an honest, academic book that will be valuable mainly to those interested in Camus's ideas. He has also, unfortunately, given aid and comfort to those who believe a work of art, in this instance a novel or a play, can be deciphered as if it were a piece of expository prose.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 971

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 971 will be found in the next issue.

NHBBQX LZKLOB ECLASZB DLBESC HASC EFS BHIC NCLXSAQTS.

LTHTOPHIB.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 970

What people say behind your back is your standing in the community

—E. W. Howe.

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Peoples Plenteous and Pinched

"The Rich Nations and the Poor Nations," by Barbara Ward *(Norton. 159 pp. $3.75), probes the current world revolution caused by the struggle against inequality and poverty, the population explosion, and modern technology. Stringfellow Barr wrote "Let's Join the Human Race" and "Citizens of the World."*

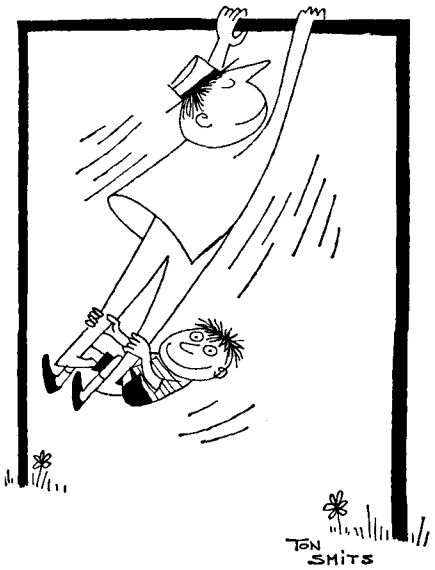
By STRINGFELLOW BARR

BECAUSE of its brevity, its clarity, and its vivid, colloquial style, this is perhaps the most useful book yet written on the world revolution we are living through. It cannot compete with Gunnar Myrdal's scholarly work, "An International Economy"; it was certainly never meant to compete with it, and it has no need to compete. But countless Americans who will never read Myrdal would find Barbara Ward's little book exciting. Again, much of what she says was said brilliantly by Sidney Lens in "A World in Revolution." But Lens's book was published in 1956, when anybody who talked sensibly about the world Secretary Dulles never discovered was doomed to sound like a fellow-traveler. There is much evidence that the American public has started thinking again and that it is therefore ready to listen to Miss Ward. What she invites us to consider is the same world in revolution that Myrdal and Lens dealt with.

Miss Ward chooses to give us a clear view of four aspects of that world: the struggle to secure equality among men and among nations; the effort to abolish poverty; the explosive rise in population, especially in the poorer countries, and the determination to apply scientific knowledge and capital savings to man's whole economy. She traces the origins of the ideas of equality and of economic progress in the Western Christian countries that skirt the North Atlantic, ideas which made them richer than any countries had ever yet become; and she also shows how imperialism spread these ideas throughout the world. Finally, she explains why these rich countries are growing richer much faster than the poor countries are growing less poor.

Miss Ward is vividly aware of something that rich persons and rich countries are apt to forget: that it is not easy for the truly poor to save, invest, and thereby increase their income. But she is also vividly aware of how little the feudal beneficiaries of many poor economies care to promote or even permit progress. Finally, she is aware that, unless the rich Western countries assist and guide economic and social evolution, the Communist proposals for abolishing poverty will stand unchallenged. She knows that for citizens of rich countries to make only halfway efforts to help their neighbors in poor countries is dangerous; and that for a rich man, after his usual solid meal, to tell a starving man that even if he starves he will be better off dead than Red is merely impudent.

Miss Ward analyzes simply but brilliantly the frightening difficulty of raising a poor economy to the "take-off" stage, where it can start generating the capital it needs to keep the up-spiral going; and she examines with equal brilliance the political problems the poor countries face, such as the doctrinaire Marxism of Russia and the doctrinaire "free enterprise" of America, neither of which solutions is relevant or, indeed, possible. Nor have they been applied, one may add, either in the USA or the USSR. But perhaps Miss Ward's most telling passage deals gently but firmly with our present practice of hymning the praise of freedom to two-thirds of the human race



while neglecting to mention justice. Which of them, by the way, freedom or justice, does the Preamble to our Constitution mention first?

So good a book as Miss Ward's deserves criticism. Would her discussion have been even better if she had explained, not only why a now-restored and wealthy Europe ought to be sharing with the United States more of the burdens and privileges of this great task, but why the poor countries have always believed the job could be better done by the United Nations than by any national government or governments anywhere? The governments of the rich countries, led by the United States, have always flatly refused this proposal. Why? On this issue Miss Ward could be eloquent. She could also be informative, since Washington has never been candid with the American voter about its opposition to a plan the poor countries prefer and which would cost American taxpayers less.

SECONDLY, would this admirable book have been even more useful if the author had offered at least an informed economist's answer to another question: what effect may automation have on the problem of industrializing an as yet unindustrialized country? Miss Ward writes persuasively, "There would be no economics if there were no scarcities." But if the electronic revolution continues to "automate" our production of goods, we may have to dream up an economic theory that can take care of a cornucopia. The underdeveloped countries are already leap-frogging on technology. For example, Miss Ward's own husband, Sir Robert Jackson, Commissioner of Development in Ghana, has been deeply concerned with a huge hydroelectric plant. But he is not concerned to lead Ghana through the industrial stages that England's "Black Country" was traversing a century and a half ago. Who knows whether our elaborate plans to transfer Asian and African peasants to city factories may founder on new-type factories that use only very few workers? For automation is increasing fast, and it could increase a lot faster in countries that face no sizable problems of industrial obsolescence.

There are doubtless other questions to raise. But, as it stands, Miss Ward has placed the American public once more in her debt. She has cut through the paralyzing wordiness of "the economic development of underdeveloped countries." She has given us a small, handy, readable manual of the real world we live in. She may even free our new ultra-Right from the slogan somebody has ascribed to them: "World, go home!"

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Sub-Saharan Jungle of Dilemmas

"Africa and the West: Elements of Free-World Policy," by Arnold Rivkin *(Praeger. 241 pp. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $1.95), proposes a multilateral aid organization for Africa and a disarmament program policed by the U.N. Emil Lengyel is professor of history at Fairleigh Dickinson University.*

By EMIL LENGYEL

AS AN antidote to Balkanization, Africa faces the alternative problem of integration. Kwame Nkrumah himself has tried his hand on West African union, and emerging East Africa is also looking for a common denominator. The "Casablanca Bloc" is held together by its concern for the ex-colonialists' design, while the "Monrovia Bloc" is ready to concede a limited role to the West. Tunisia's President Bourguiba has been promoting the *Communauté franco-maghrebine,* the cooperation of the "Maghreb"—Morocco, Tunisia, and, eventually, Algeria—with France.

Arnold Rivkin, director of the project on African Economic and Political Development at the Center for International Studies, MIT, has attempted to survey this jungle of African dilemmas. In his book he pays particular attention to the economic issues, especially farming, mining, transportation, and labor, but touches lightly upon industrialization, in the belief that the time for its full development has not yet arrived. Also concerned with the relation of Africa with the West, Rivkin dwells on the arrangements between members of the European Economic Community (common market) and African nations. The pioneering program of the European Development Fund for Overseas Countries and Territories receives his analytic attention, too. And on the assumption that Israel is a Western nation, except in geography, he devotes a separate chapter to the technical assistance extended by a new country, well supplied with technical talent, to less developed nations. As a result of his investigations, Dr. Rivkin presents two main proposals, one economic and the other one political.

His economic proposal is a multilateral aid organization for Africa, which, as he sees it, should grow out of the American-sponsored Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development. The author would enlarge it through the adherence of non-European countries especially interested in Africa, such as Japan, India, and Israel. This would be an "association of the free world and the new African states in a common endeavor for the peaceful economic development of Africa." To Dr. Rivkin's mind, the United Nations would not be the proper framework for such an organization because some of the U.N. members are "bloc countries" that have not participated intensively in the technical aid program of the world organization, and there is no basis for the assumption that they would do so in the future.

While this measure has the merit of stimulating discussion, Dr. Rivkin seems to have overlooked the fact that several members of the Afro-Asian group might interpret his proposal as a sophisticated attempt to have the "Western club" members—whom they call "colonialists"—gain re-entrance into their former preserves by a devious route. Also, he may have ignored the fact that nonaligned Africans may have found the game of playing the field more profitable than alignment. At present they get help from both sides and, eventually, they may capitalize as well on the growing antagonism between Russia and China. The example of Latin America has shown that the West's interest in backward nations is aroused mainly if they appear to be in danger of being engulfed by the Eastern bloc.

Dr. Rivkin's second recommendation deals with disarmament, and in that field he suggests operating within the framework of the U.N. Under this proposal Africa would be guaranteed against external aggression and externally supported subversion. A moratorium would be imposed on all shipments of arms to Africa that are not necessary for the maintenance of internal order, and a U.N. inspection force would be entrusted with the policing of the agreement. This might be the first step toward broader disarmament.

The reader may be wondering whether Dr. Rivkin is on solid ground in this respect. What about the Soviet veto, and what is the definition of external subversion? Some of America's own comrades-in-arms in the Middle East interpret it as almost any attempt to disturb the prevailing feudal rule.

This book seems to share a common trait with others on Africa: the author speaks as if the problem were how the new nations could ascend from the national to the supranational stage. But the fact is that the new countries are conglomerates of tribal units, with different languages, traditions, and values. Dr. Rivkin himself points out that the boundaries of these countries were drawn to serve the convenience of the colonial nations, mainly by the Berlin Act of 1885, and they disregard not only linguistics and ethnography, but also geography. How can a tribal civilization leap into the age of the supranational units? It is as if the Germanic tribe of Cherusci in the first Christian century were to jump into the European Economic Community of the twentieth century. First the new countries will have to become nations, with a consciousness of their own national—not tribal—interests. And, above all, they must have one or more national languages of their own—not English or French, as is the case now. Then, and then only, may the new countries of Africa be prepared for the emergence of an African Simón Bolívar. Moreover, it must be borne in mind, that not even Bolívar could accomplish the task of integration in the face of an incomparably less complicated situation in Latin America.

Another point that writers about Africa seem to forget is that there are two Africas, and they are worlds apart. What applies to the one does not necessarily apply to the other. There is Mediterranean Africa, with an ancient country like Egypt, and there is sub-Saharan Africa, with countries like the Republic of Gabon. What do they have in common? Mediterranean Africa has the oldest civilization in the West, while some of the sub-Saharan nations are just taking their first faltering steps into the modern world. We will have to learn a lot more about sub-Saharan Africans before we can start confronting them with our logical nation-minded Western proposals.

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Stone-Age Men of the Kalahari

"The Heart of the Hunter," by Laurens van der Post *(Morrow. 268 pp. $4.50), pleads for the preservation of a gentle South African race now nearing extinction. John Barkham is a writer, lecturer, and long-time observer of African affairs.*

By JOHN BARKHAM

WHEN I was a boy in South Africa, the Bushman of the Kalahari was regarded as the lowest form of human life, just a cut above wild animals. Some of the farmers, mostly Afrikaners, along the Kalahari border did indeed look on Bushmen as no better than animals, a nuisance in the wild state and untrustworthy when used as servants. Many were the tales then current of Bushmen tracked down in the desert by trigger-happy hunters.

In recent years all this has changed. Thanks to the books of such writers as Laurens van der Post (an Afrikaner resident in Britain), Elizabeth Marshall Thomas (an American), and others touched by the plight of the Bushmen, we are beginning to see these hunted and harried people for what they are—the remnants of a gentle, harmless race who once roamed across all of Southern Africa until driven by human enemies, black as well as white, into the remotest fastnesses of the Kalahari Desert. Only there, where few can follow, are they safe.

Today even *apartheid*-minded Afrikaners are changing their traditional attitude to the Bushmen, probably because so few are left. The Afrikaner bears a heavy responsibility for their virtual extirpation. Just how heavy, you may see in this new book by Laurens van der Post, the second of his reports on his venture into the interior of the Kalahari in 1957. What he saw there of the Bushmen stirred his pity, aroused his indignation, and—most of all—heightened his sense of collective guilt. He makes no effort to conceal these emotions in his book, and, indeed, they do him credit. The white man has much to answer for in his treatment of the Bushmen.

Mr. van der Post notes scornfully that scientists regularly come to the Kalahari to examine the Bushman's physique, study his family relationships, test his tracking ability, and so forth. But no one seems to care about the living man himself, who is older than any ruin or relic. When a Bushman kills certain antelope to eat, he is punished for hunting "royal game." Who, asks the Bushman bitterly, punishes the white man? Who, indeed?

Why, demands the author passionately, can't we value people for what they are instead of for what they can be used? From the point of view of his value to the white man, the Bushman is admittedly the most useless of human beings. He owns nothing, builds nothing, has no written language, and knows only what his senses convey to him. But Bushmen have no crime, no hidden tensions; the old love the young, the young respect the old. Whatever each possesses belongs to all.

Contact with the white man, however, is lethal to the Bushman spirit. Van der Post explains this by saying that they look on us as gods because of the immense power we command. "Either they feel it impossible to be themselves in our presence, or they find it so exhausting that they are compelled to rid themselves of us by cunning, force, or running away." The "tame" Bushman who accompanied the expedition seems to bear this out. As soon as the party returned to the desert police post he developed severe psychosomatic symptoms.

THE closing section of the book is devoted to Bushman legends as the author heard them from the little people—legends revolving about nature and the creatures of the desert. They are charming, and well worth adding to our store of primitive mythology. How long the Bushman will survive is hard to tell, since no one knows for sure how many or where they are. Unlike other primitive peoples, they never developed into a nation, but linger on as they have always lived—individuals in extraordinary intimacy with nature.

Mr. van der Post has written an affectionate and moving book about these gentle Stone Age folk, remote and by the world forgot. His plea for their preservation is a *cri de coeur*, but who, in our frenetic twentieth century world, is interested enough to listen?

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

LIONS ALL OVER

The king of beasts is frequently called on to serve in the titles of novels. Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, offers a score of such titles and asks you to assign the correct authors. Answers on page 39.

1. Nicole	( )	"Children of the Stone Lions"
2. Irwin Shaw	( )	"Albertine in the Lion's Den"
3. John Brooks	( )	"The Girl Beneath the Lion"
4. Jan Van Dorp	( )	"A Lion Is in the Streets"
5. Marjorie Lee	( )	"The Lions Fed the Tigers"
6. Paul Hackett	( )	"The Place of the Lion"
7. Joseph Kessel	( )	"The Year of the Lion"
8. Douglas Angus	( )	"The Day of the Lion"
9. Gerald Hanley	( )	"The Lion at Morning"
10. Darwin Teilhet	( )	"The Mask of a Lion"
11. Lane Kauffmann	( )	"A Law for the Lion"
12. Giose Rimanelli	( )	"Lion at My Heart"
13. Charles Williams	( )	"A Pride of Lions"
14. A. T. W. Simeons	( )	"The Young Lions"
15. Louis Auchincloss	( )	"The Lion's Skin"
16. Stephen Longstreet	( )	"The Lions' Den"
17. Adria Locke Langley	( )	"The Lion House"
18. Harry Mark Petrakis	( )	"The Sable Lion"
19. Janet Ayer Fairbank	( )	"A Lesser Lion"
20. André Pieyre de Mandiargues	( )	"The Lion"

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Eight Characters in Search of an Exit

"The Dark Labyrinth," by Lawrence Durrell *(Dutton. 263 pp. $3.95), offering both symbolism and suspense, represents a milestone in the author's artistic journey toward "The Alexandria Quartet." George Reavey, poet, critic, and translator, wrote "The Colours of Memory."*

By GEORGE REAVEY

LAWRENCE DURRELL'S most striking achievement to date is his many-faceted "The Alexandria Quartet" —that slice of Levantine life, spiced with vivid, sensual colors, and set spinning in relative mobility as though on the pivot of an Einsteinian eye. Even the English characters here have become as exotic as the Alexandrian setting itself, in which every individual is exposed in merciless and unashamed relief, reveling in and revealing each his own idiosyncracy. But, since Durrell has taken over a decade to arrive at this form of narrative-continuum of four interlocking novels, it is premature as yet to expect from him another such complex of books. In the meantime, we are offered "The Dark Labyrinth," which was first published in London in 1947 under the title of "Cefalu."

Leaner, more restrained than the tetralogy, yet a formally intricate novel, "The Dark Labyrinth" falls between "The Black Book" (1938) and "Justine," the first of the "Quartet." In this intermediate novel we are transplanted from postwar London to the island of Crete on what can only be called a voyage of spiritual discovery. In this sense "The Dark Labyrinth" assumes a symbolical significance. But, more superficially, the novel can also be enjoyed as an adventure story, the plot of which one has to follow, like Ariadne's thread, without letting go. There is no denying Durrell's deliberate use of certain devices common to the adventure and mystery story. What raises this novel above the genre is the probing of character and the introduction of larger issues—a culture conflict, questions of fate. Thus we become aware of deeper levels of inquiry, of intricate human patterns, artistic exploration of form, and even a subtle message. We begin to realize that "The

Lawrence Durrell—an attempt to escape "the English death."

Dark Labyrinth," despite a certain artificiality and some weaknesses, is nevertheless an important link in the chain culminating in the "Quartet."

We are mainly involved with eight English characters. Three "foreigners" are added later. The eight, a cross section of English life, are Lord Graecen (poet and archeologist, who also keeps a diary); Captain Baird (traveler, potential novelist, soldier); Campion (an expatriate artist, critical of the English); Miss Dombey (a drifting missionary); Fearmax (a medium in trouble); Virginia Dale (a typist), and the Truman couple (decent and middle-aged). We discover that these characters are suffering in various degrees from guilt, frustration, illusions, and phobias.

But their destinies intertwine. They are brought together by chance and, in some cases, by design (for which Hogarth, a London psychologist, is responsible) on board a ship cruising in the Mediterranean. Landing eventually in Crete, they visit the village of Cefalu, where all of them except Baird (who has a secret mission) penetrate a dangerous labyrinth that is being exploited as a tourist attraction. There seven of them undergo either a fateful or fatal experience when their exit is cut off by a fall of rock. Three local inhabitants help to complicate the plot: two Greeks —Axelos (a cynic) and Abbot John (a monk and wartime guerrilla)—and an aged American, Ruth Adams, who is the sole and isolated survivor of a previous disaster in the labyrinth. It would be a mistake to reveal the plot in any more detail. But it might be noted that, in contrast to the English "tourists," these three characters have a sense of active harmony with the world around them.

Durrell's declared intention in "The Black Book" had been to escape from "the English death"; here it is carried out, or at least attempted. The labyrinth swallows up those of "dilute passion." Others gain a new sense of life. It is clear that, at this stage in his artistic journey, the Mediterranean world was for Durrell a symbol of integrated human values. Thus, describing Abbot John, he writes: "Like all Greeks, he was without difficulty able to combine the mystic and the man of action." Here there is no separation, no frustration. Life and art interpenetrate and reflect man's spiritual journey. Integrating awareness makes experience and form indivisible. This would seem to be Durrell's message. In this sense, only those perish in the labyrinth of the souls dark journey who have lost Ariadne's thread—the sense of life-in-art.

Kingdoms

By Jeannette Nichols

YOU have come into this personal childhood
as a visitor comes
holding a newly blocked hat
and polite as policemen are sometimes.

Thine is my kingdom if I let you in.

See, the bushes are low here—
leapable. You are the child I am.
Your hat is useless, so scale it
like a stone on the wind. There is
rushing water we will walk through
and here you must leave your shoes.
Those trees are how the other world is:
far off, tall, and we have no time to climb.

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Intrigue in a Ruritania

"A Matter of Succession," by Patrick Cruttwell *(Macmillan, 208 pp. $3.95), tells of power and plots in a mythical country. Marghanita Laski wrote "Village" and "Victorian Chaise Longue."*

By MARGHANITA LASKI

PATRICK CRUTTWELL writes under two disadvantages. In the first place, he is clever, and it is far harder for a clever novelist to engage us in his story than it is for those novelists who are all feeling. Of course, there are exceptions where cleverness and feeling are perfectly balanced: George Eliot is the obvious example. But most often the clever novelists—say, Aldous Huxley, Mary McCarthy, Angus Wilson, and, for this purpose, Patrick Cruttwell—so despise the common shifts and evasions of the generality of people, so much more easily pick on weakness than praise strength, that we readers perversely want to proffer the pity the author withholds—and then find that he has omitted to give his readers the props on which our pity can be hung. Which is not to say that cleverness is not a refreshment, a delight, a virtue highly to be commended. But it is a quality that almost always leaves readers aloof, uninvolved emotionally with the creatures of the story.

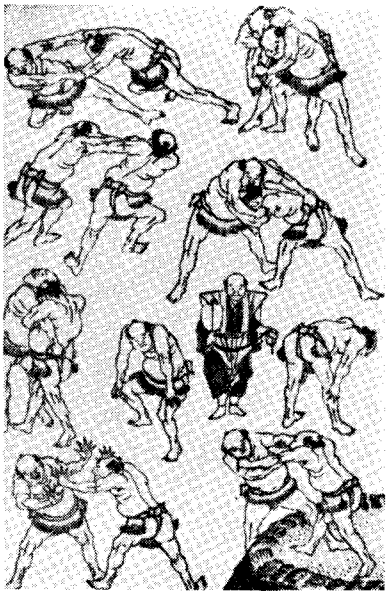
Now if it is hard for a clever novelist to involve us in his story, a novelist who chooses an imaginary setting makes it almost impossible. Of course, most settings are to some extent imaginary. Middlemarch is imaginary, and so is Mary McCarthy's Jocelyn College. But these are imaginary only by courtesy, and the intent is that we shall accept them as existing in the world we know. The imaginary world, with its own imaginary social customs, is a very different cup of tea.

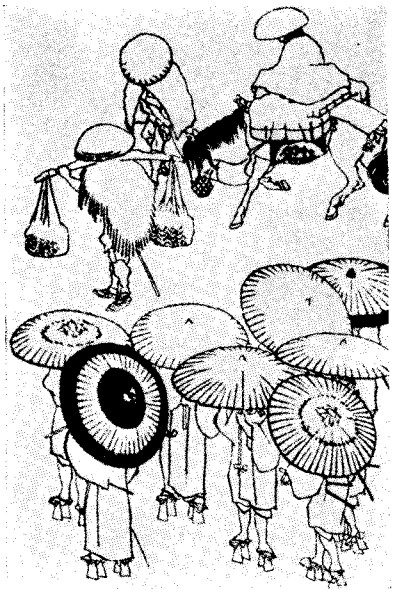
Mr. Cruttwell has chosen to set his story of power and intrigue not only in an imaginary country but in an imaginary country with an imaginary electoral system. The old Chief Minister has died. His successor, named by him on a slip of paper, will be revealed with religious ceremony on Naming Day. He will almost certainly be one of two men—the stolid, good politician or the intelligent, ambitious aristocrat. The Political Correspondent watches events. The politicians' wives play, in their different ways, good women's parts. The journalist's small son is motherless and lonely. Some people intrigue. More good than evil triumphs.

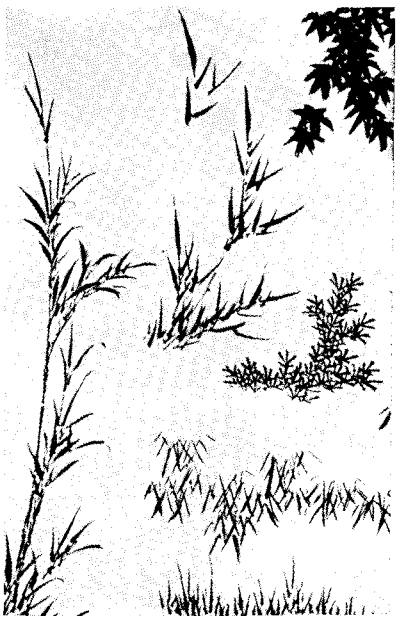
One must suspect that Mr. Cruttwell

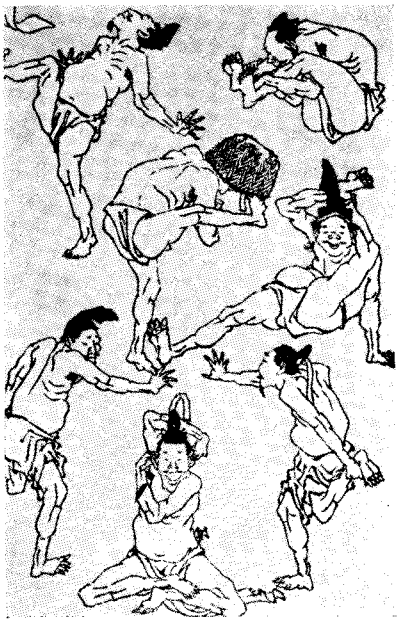
TOKYO SKETCHES: Hokusai—or "Old Man Crazy About Drawing," as he finally called himself—once wrote, "I will really master the secrets of art at ninety. When I reach a hundred my work will be truly sublime, and my final work will be attained around the age of one hundred and ten." At his death, aged ninety, he was recognized as one of the last great masters of the Japanese Ukiyo-e (meaning "Pictures of the Floating World") style of painting. He was also Japan's first modern artist and influenced such Western masters as Van Gogh and Gauguin. But he died lamenting that, given another five or ten years, he might have become a great artist. A selection of thirty-two of his 40,000 drawings is reproduced in "**Hokusai**" (Crown, $1.45), which includes twenty-four color plates. Hokusai brought to life the Tokyo of the 1800s with his always beautiful, often humorous, pictures of her people, her flowers and birds, her landscapes and seascapes. His works range in size from a portrait of the Buddhist saint Daruma, sixty feet high, to pictures on grains of rice. Once, when summoned to a court competition, Hokusai, always an eccentric, startled onlookers by drafting one of the most common of barnyard denizens to do his work for him. He dipped a rooster's five-pointed feet in red ink and sent the bird scampering across a large sheet of blue paper that had previously served as a door in the court. His title for the unusual entry was "Leaves in Autumn in the Tatsuta River."

—ARDEANE TRATZKI









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intends to use his imaginary world allegorically, as Swift and Orwell and Huxley do, to point a moral, but I find it hard to see what the allegory is. It is better, Mr. Cruttwell seems to be saying, for good men to acquire power than bad ones. It is sad for priests when they believe and the people they act for don't. Some priests are smooth go-getters, some civil servants are trimmers. Some women are happily married and content; others, through no fault of their own, are not. Children need their parents.

It may be entirely unjust to Mr. Cruttwell to assume that these generalizations are what we are expected to infer, but such inferences seem to be imposed by the imaginary setting, the imaginary system. With these we are unable to make the leap to suspension of disbelief that is demanded of us if we are to accept these characters as individuals and feel for them as such.

Readers will not, I hope, take a review that is almost all criticism as advice not to read Mr. Cruttwell's novel. It is the more unusual books that make one ponder and argue about the principles involved in writing them, and if "A Matter of Succession" is finally puzzling and productive of no clearly intended satisfactions, the reading of it is continually stimulating.

SOUTHERN HILL FOLK: Earl Hamner, Jr.'s second novel, **"Spencer's Mountain"** (Dial, $4.50), begins with such a stock situation and familiar character-types that had I not read Harper Lee's enthusiastic dust-jacket endorsement I would have suspected it to be a burlesque. Clay-Boy Spencer, oldest son of a large hill-family in Virginia's Nelson County, gloriously passes his initiation-into-manhood by killing, on his first hunt, the big old pink-eyed white buck of Spencer's Mountain. Marked for a special destiny by his prodigious feat, and aided by the local schoolteacher and the preacher, Clay-Boy aspires to a college education, though his whiskey-drinkin', church-avoidin' Daddy and his eight tall, red-headed uncles have had only a few days of book-larnin'. Enter at this point the daughter of the general manager of the local stone company, slick-talkin' Claris Coleman, who pursues Clay-Boy like a bird dog.

The reader who puts the book aside at this point, however, will be doing himself and the novel an injustice. In spite of the author's penchant for cliché and contrivance—to say nothing of the frequent anachronisms or an occasional hooraw's nest of caricature such as Virgil Spencer's courtship of a Richmond Jewish girl—"Spencer's Mountain" is not unimpressive. Mr. Hamner's assets are as obvious as his limitations. They include a healthy, lifegiving sense of humor, which animates Clay Spencer's visit to a dotty, recently married elderly neighbor; the immediate aftermath of Clay-Boy's afternoon on the mountain with Claris, and the fishing scene between Clay Spencer and the new Baptist minister. Equally important is the author's genuine fondness for his people and their way of life. In episodes like the death of Clay-Boy's grandfather, his mother's preparing herself for birthing the twins, who will be named Franklin Delano and Eleanor, and Clay-Boy's final departure from home, Hammer creates with an understanding and dignity largely absent from his earlier pages.

"Spencer's Mountain," like Clay-Boy himself, seems "marked for a special destiny." It comes as no surprise to hear that mass-circulation condensation rights have already been acquired. And Clay-Boy and his kinfolk will probably rise again in Vista-Vision splendor for the "My Friend Flicka" and "Lassie" devotees.

—William Peden.

SEDUCTIVE SABBATICAL: Everything about **"Not a Word About Nightingales"** (Atheneum, $3.95) is a delight, and that includes the happy illustration on the front of the jacket and the lovely-looking author, Maureen Howard, on the back. As for the novel in between, it strains the imagination to believe that it was written in New Brunswick, New Jersey. The civility of its passions; a prose style, simple and clean, that brings to mind cool, white tiles placed in a neat line, and a bittersweet theme shot through with irony and subtleties all suggest the little British novel. It also suggests a writing talent to be watched and cherished.

When one has said that Albert Sedgely is a middle-aged, respected member of the faculty of a good New England college, and that his wife, Ann, is from one of the town's best families, there is nothing more to be known about them or their teen-age daughter, Rosemary, who will carry on the right thinking family traditions. The Sedgely's are, were, and will be as they were—or so it seems.

It is in wintery Perugia—Albert and Ann are spending his sabbatical leave in Italy—that Albert calmly says, "I have decided that I like it here. I think I will stay." Ann eventually returns home alone.

The novel concentrates on the summer when Rosemary is sent to bring her father home. She finds that the parent she remembered as slightly stuffy has evolved into a walrus-mustached, pointed-toed, stripe-suited *signore* replete with bosomy mistress.

Maureen Howard easily and surely follows Albert and Rosemary in Italy and Ann in New England through the shake-up of their lives. She creates two worlds, two atmospheres, two different nationalities, and makes it all come alive. And each character achieves a satisfactory, though sometimes unexpected, conclusion to his story.

It is the author's control that constantly amazes. She interjects herself as narrator when she feels the need, speaking of her people in the slightly detached, matter-of-fact way one might comment on strangers observed across a field; yet her characters live throughout the story. Even more amazing, she proves that *affaires* can be described in words whose letters do not number four; that emotions can be conveyed through people too civilized to rend their garments in public, and that people can perform irrational acts and communicate them to a reader without offering their psyches in explanation.

Therein, perhaps, lies the ultimate pleasure in reading "Not a Word About Nightingales." Every character in this well-plotted novel has dignity, a quality lacking in too much of life and fiction today. Miss Howard's people know who and what they are, and they know what life is. Winners or losers, they all cope. They speak well of an author who creates such people, and she, in turn, speaks well of them.

—Haskel Frankel.

Two Stanzas Full of Snow

By John Nixon, Jr.

APPARENTLY some silver flock flew over
The world all night and it was moulting weather.
Now: not a phantom weed or ghost of clover
Without its own magnificent pale feather.

What birds were they, thus prodigal with sterling,
That—through the dark, outside our shuttered room—
Flew southerly and silverly, unfurling,
For dawn's delight, plume after cold white plume?

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Elite vs. Substandard Protoplasm

*"**The Hidden Remnant,**" by Gerald Sykes (Harper. 230 pp. $4), is addressed to the people in our society who, to quote the author, try "to fulfill themselves without either mass props or minority props." Nicholas Samstag's "The Uses of Ineptitude or How Not to Want to Do Better" is on Ivan Obolensky's spring list.*

By NICHOLAS SAMSTAG

HERE is a book full of information and wisdom. It sparkles with the speculations of a first-rate, well-furnished mind and will provoke the kind of controversy that can stoke a conversation right into the dawn. And it is written by a snob.

For what else can you call an author who says so clearly that his book is for the discerning few, but that you may, if you wish, read over his shoulder as he addresses your betters?

Gerald Sykes in "The Hidden Remnant" does not make this endearing statement in so many words, but I doubt that he would deny the sense of it. Nor do I think he would refuse the appellation "snob" as defined by Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, Fifth Edition: "One who repels the advances of those he considers his inferiors." He rejects, for instance, many of our more respected psychologists as "the half-educated, presuming to speak above their intellectual and moral station"; and he shrugs off others with phrases like "boy Fausts." Those among us who would be dead or committed today were it not for modern medicine he describes as "substandard protoplasm" whose ever-increasing numerousness has caused our population explosion and the coming Annihilation. And, although he differentiates carefully between "the elite," which he calls a social term, and "the remnant," which he calls a religious term, one cannot lose the feeling that his remnant is an intellectual elite with a very limited membership.

But why not? A man can busy himself in many ways less praiseworthy than as an intellectual snob writing for his fellows. And the rest of us can do worse than read along with him, if only the reading is rewarding enough.

One reader found it magnificently rewarding: a fascinating, difficult, but illuminating journey behind a dragoman who talks eloquently and excitedly and keeps urging someone to do something, the nature of which he never quite makes clear but which somehow has your breathless approval.

The following, for example, comes as close to being a definition of his title as Mr. Sykes seems to get. "A remnant means," says the author, "a group of people who have survived or can survive a great catastrophe." These are the people in our society, he goes on, who try "to fulfill themselves without either mass props or minority props." The typical member of the remnant "climbs out of the melting pot, dries off at the edges (with the help of the psychopomps), tours all the other kitchens (through reading and travel), goes back to the melting pot and slips into it again—to add a new flavor to the stew." It is an interesting metaphor, but hardly specific.

On the other hand, his chapters on the psychologists, their sources, critics, and beneficiaries, are not only explicit but often brilliant.

He shows the psychologists' debt to those who came before them. ("One of the most extraordinary . . . pieces of twentieth-century vanity," he quotes Aldous Huxley as saying, "is the assumption that nobody knew anything about psychology before the days of Freud.")

He describes what he calls the "myths" or "novels" of the major psychologists from the original Viennese genius through the French Existentialists. (". . . Existential Analysis," says the author, "seems made to order for psychic ailments in which Americans conceivably lead the world.")

He compares these and older myths with one another and makes many useful and penetrating differentiations. ("Marx had reduced the evils of the political economy to the profit motive and predicted that under Socialism the state would wither away. Freud reduced the evils of the inner life to misunderstanding of the erotic instinct and predicted that after psychoanalysis the mind would become healthy." And then, "Horney, Fromm and Sullivan have sweetened their therapy with the sicken-

(*Continued on page 37*)

"What do you mean—a friendly little game of basketball . . .?"

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Petitioners and Abhorrers

PETITIONING has always been a vital force in American life, but in the past year or so more people than ever have been collecting signatures from neighbors, running full-page joint statements in the newspapers, and sending group petitions to elected officials to keep them on the *qui vive*.

This flareup of petitioning activity is not centered on any one movement or political viewpoint. People are still for or against capital punishment, phased nuclear disarmament, and the projected turnpike across the marshes; but now they seem to be for or against them with greater gusto, and in greater numbers.

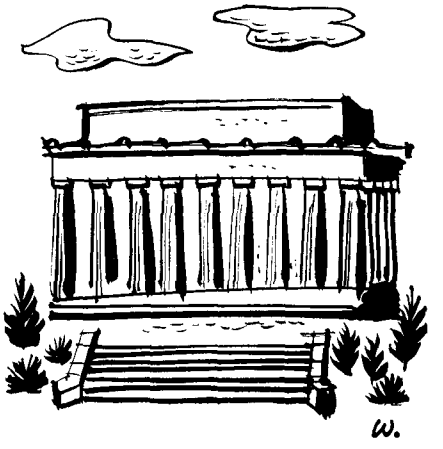
We all know diehards who still see the petition as an instrument of radicalism and unrest. But to the average citizen, petitioning is more likely to seem a handy sort of "instant democracy" that enables people to bypass fussbudget bureaucrats and place their grievances before the top man.

Though it is occasionally abused or, worse, disused, the homely popular petition is an indispensable, intensely human feature of the democratic way. It can be argued, in fact, that a nation's attitude toward popular petitioning is a rough index of how free that nation is.

England is, of course, the classic case. When King John ratified Magna Charta in 1215, thus recognizing the barons' right to petition, he set a reverberating precedent. Thereafter, the petitioning of king and Parliament became a favorite English pastime, and there was much nibbling away at what was called royalty's "garland of prerogatives."

By the seventeenth century public petitions were such a going thing in England that no one was surprised when, in 1641, some 1,500 Londoners pushed into Westminster Hall a giant rolled-up petition signed by 15,000 persons. But officialdom was growing weary of petitions; only two years later, according to the historian Clarendon, "a great multitude of the wives of substantial citizens came to the House of Commons with a petition for peace . . . a troop of horse . . . charged among the silly women and killed and wounded many of them, and easily dispersed the rest."

When Charles II was restored to the throne, he was plagued by so many "tumultuous petitions" that he issued a decree which barred them. The royalists, who shared the king's abhorrence of petitions, were nicknamed "Abhorrers," and their political foes were dubbed "Petitioners." The two parties later became the Tories and the Whigs.



The petitioning fever reached its height in the Chartists' heyday, midway through the nineteenth century. The first Chartist petition was "a beautiful and majestic roll," three miles long and signed by 1,200,000 persons. The third and last petition was so formidable that it had to be broken up and carted to Parliament in four coaches. There was great disappointment when the document was shown to have "only" 2,000,000 signatures. Eventually, all the Chartists' demands for social reform were met, and petitioning in England settled down to the steady simmer that is maintained today.

In America petitioning has been less tumultuous, but still quite lively. Our right to petition the government is guaranteed by the Constitution, but in the early 1800s Congress received so many antislavery petitions that Southern leaders began shunting them off to a committee room which became famous as "the lion's den from which there were no footprints to mark their return." The so-called "gag rules" later adopted by Congress to stifle antislavery petitioning were finally overthrown in 1845 after a heroic campaign by John Quincy Adams.

In 1894 "Coxey's Army" of unemployed men descended on Washington to present a "petition in boots" demanding a federal public-works program; and in 1932 the famed Bonus Marchers petitioned Washington for aid. Both "armies" were dispersed, but their objectives were ultimately attained.

One of the most interesting current signature-gathering initiatives is the Peace Race Campaign, which is not a petition in the usual sense, but merely a declaration of grass-roots support for President Kennedy's Peace Race policies, as outlined in his speech before the United Nations. A low-budget, nonpartisan project, the Campaign is being directed by two private citizens, Ron McLaughlin, an airline pilot from Minnesota, and Norman Hunt, a Connecticut school administrator.

Neither man knows how many Americans are willing to support the President's Peace Race speech, but they will settle for any significant fraction of the totals reached by the Chartists. In any event, the results of their campaign should indicate which faction among us is stronger—the Petitioners or the Abhorrers. —HALLOWELL BOWSER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FUZZY ANALOGY?

With all due credit to Richard Hughes for his charm of style and composition and his distillation of the bizarre in "The Fox in the Attic" [*SR*, Feb. 3], is it not probable that the likeness to Tolstoy which reviewer James Gray sees is more nearly attributable to the beard than the book?

W. S. Smith.

Mallorca, Spain

TOO MANY PEOPLE?

I have read with a great deal of interest the debate "Too Many People in the World?" between E. K. Fedorov and Harrison Brown [*SR*, Feb. 17]. It seems to me that here we have illustrated the attitudes prominent in the world today. One is the very common attitude that all we need to do is survive, no matter how many people there are in the world. The other attitude is well expressed by the title of Mr. Brown's article, "The Human Spirit Needs Space."

We have before us problems of determining what the future of the human race will be. Nature has given us a brain that has developed through the centuries. Will we be satisfied, in the distant future, merely to be alive, or shall we develop the potentials of our mental attributes, the human spirit?

Olaus J. Murie.

Moose, Wyo.

The debate between Harrison Brown and Professor Fedorov has run on the expected classic lines. Mr. Brown has put his case well, but perhaps has not placed enough emphasis on the major argument against Professor Fedorov.

Granted that man today may have the means of producing food, clothing, housing, and all kinds of other things in plenty. But is he producing them today? Clearly not. So are the billions in poor countries merely to live in the same miserable conditions as today and multiply for decades and decades until the promised supply of the good things is suddenly made available?

To say that no control of population is necessary *now*, because at some time in the future there will be enough for all, is totally unscientific, if not dishonest. Even today some countries are producing enough for their needs and even more. But they cannot share their produce with other countries, and perhaps rightly so. So *each* country will have to learn to produce enough for its population and till then do its utmost to keep the population down.

D. D. Karve,
Visiting Lecturer from India,
University of California.

Berkeley, Calif.

There is much to commend in your publication of the article by Mr. Fedorov. I am sure there are many readers who will see "red" because they will see it as a sounding board for Soviet propaganda. True, there is propaganda, but this in itself is very revealing.

It is grimly amusing to observe Mr. Fedorov's pat phrases on such matters as colonialism and the nonmilitary use of space, or his statement that "during the past 400 years man has become wiser." Communist-sponsored blood purges, exploitation of satellite neighbors, and the "legalized" starvation of millions of Kulaks perhaps make the famines in populous Asian countries look less horrible in comparison. . . .

Niel M. Johnson.

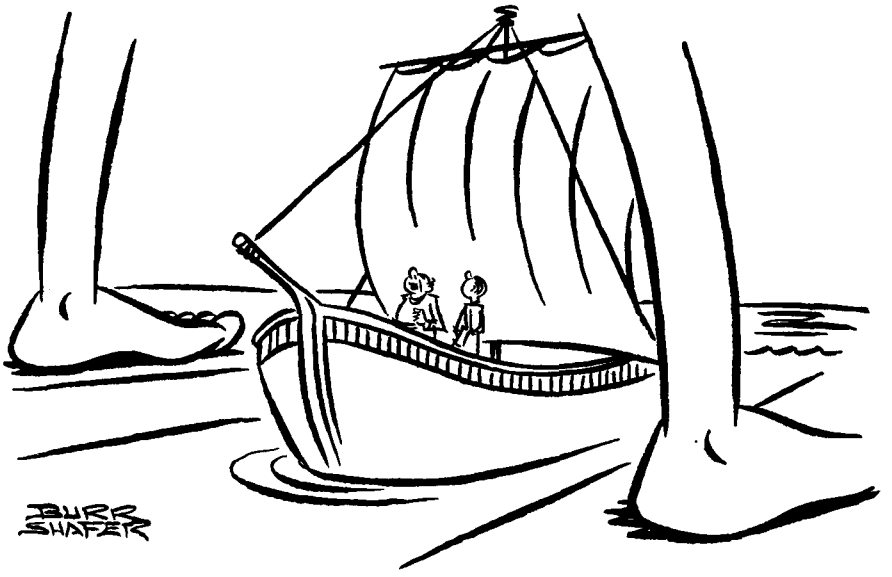
Davenport, Iowa

Ah, what a technological heaven Mr. Fedorov has designed! What little remains of nature can be easily conquered. Victory will come with machines crowding the seashore and harnessing tide power. Mammoth towers and exhaust pipes will cover the sky, diverting heat into space. The peaceful, sloping countryside will be divided into half-acre farms barren of vegetable life save for giant regiments of corn stalks and watermelon-sized potatoes. We will be able to live in eternal spring with rain scheduled each evening from 11 to 2.

Hail to thee, blithe nuts and bolts!

Edward A. Riedinger.

Indianapolis, Ind.



Through History with J. Wesley Smith
"What a degrading way to enter a harbor."

MAJOR NOVELIST?

I am disappointed by Granville Hicks's hedging comment on Mary Renault: "I do not suggest that she is one of England's major novelists" [*SR*, Feb. 17]. What is a major novelist? Surely "The Last of the Wine" is one of the finest historical novels ever written. Its author is indeed a major novelist, not only of England but of the world.

Mrs. Frank S. Morgan.

Arlington, Va.

THE CAT AND THE COCKROACH

Your reviewer, Richard L. Tobin, doesn't like my book "O Rare Don Marquis" [*SR*, Feb. 17], which God knows is his privilege. But I think it unfortunate that he isn't better informed about archy and mehitabel. He writes: "Sadly, to a generation that may never have heard of this near-genius, the characters archy and mehitabel, cockroach and cat, mean little now."

On page 180 of my book E. B. White is quoted as saying: "When the publisher asked me to write a few introductory remarks about Don Marquis for this new edition of 'archy and mehitabel,' he said in his letter: 'The sales of this particular volume have been really astonishing.'" These words are repeated for effect later in my book (in a comment by Bernard De Voto.) In several other places in the book where I considered it pertinent, I mentioned the enduring quality of Marquis's cockroach and cat. For instance, on page 411: "The 'archy and mehitabel' omnibus, published in 1950 with a lively and perceptive introduction by E. B. White, has settled down to a career as one of those perennial best-sellers." Elsewhere in my biography, Mr. Tobin could have found impressive figures in support of Doubleday's designation of 'archy and mehitabel' as one of those permanent best-sellers.

It is hard for me to understand how a man could have read my book and missed all those references to the fact that archy and mehitabel are very much alive today.

Edward Anthony.

New York, N. Y.

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Manner of Speaking

TV AND J. FRANK DOBIE: I hope it is not entirely a secret that I am doing a weekly TV show for CBS, that it is called "Accent," and that it goes on the air at 1:30 Saturday afternoon in New York and at various Sunday morning hours in some other parts of the country. "Doing a show" in this case means only that I am the on-camera front-man (the "host") for a sizable and talented crew headed by producer Don Kellerman. The show is the product of many hands, most of them with fingers worn at least halfway to the bone.

As an amateur intruder upon TV, I have been repeatedly astonished by the intensity of the production process. TV is such a mangler and consumer of time, talent, and energy as I have never known before. That screen in your living room has to come alive when you click the switch. And whatever program you then find—whatever its production cost in money, time, talent, energy, and ulcers—is dead the minute it is over. It is dead and must be replaced by a new show. Nor is it likely that the merit of any man's last show will rub off much on his next. TV is the treadmill that cannot stop and on which a man must run himself to death just to stay even. And, to my experience, it is the climax of anticlimax: let a man start with whatever bright idea and let him work with whatever devotion to put together a good show; once it is telecast it is gone from him. A painter has his canvas to look at, an actor hopes for a run, a writer has his book to hold in his hand and reread. But the TV crew has only a few letters from the audience, perhaps some newspaper reviews to be scanned in a coffee break—and the next show to worry about.

"Accent" is a weekly show and therefore less frenzied than the daily stints, but only by comparison. It happened that I had appeared on the Dave Garroway show (on what is called "another network") just before I signed on with CBS, and that he gave up his show just about the time I took one on. By whatever connection that might be said to establish, a number of my friends assumed that I would know why he had quit, and asked me to explain. I could only say at the time that I did not know. I still do not know in any specific way, but I am well persuaded that he walked out for the basic human reason that he had decided to live his life rather than pour it down the ever grinding disposal-unit of a daily show.

Nevertheless, and with the special blessing that I have no thought of making a career of it—that I am simply putting in one mad year at the ulcer factory in order to subsidize two in Italy while I go back to work on Dante—with that many extra chips in my stack, I can say that a lot of it is fun. And certainly that one of the high moments of my stint to date came in the person of J. Frank Dobie.

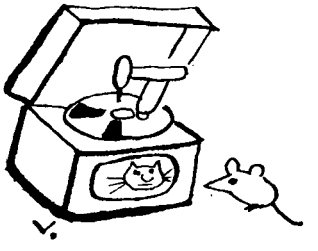
As before, I hope it is not entirely a secret that I interviewed J. Frank Dobie on "Accent" on Saturday, January 13. The interview had been taped some time before in Dallas. I am delighted to say there is another half-hour on tape—this time of J. Frank Dobie spinning tales of the Southwest, and that it is slated for March 17.

J. Frank Dobie is a lot of things. A former professor of English at the University of Texas, a historian, a folklorist, a writer, an accomplished presence on any platform, a fabulous yarn-spinner, and a walking encyclopedia of the Southwest. But above all he is an *hombre*. I make him out to be seventy-three, which comes to *hombre* with pure white on top, but all *hombre* still. I had met him passingly on earlier visits to Texas. But the trip I took down there for "Accent" gave me a real chance to get to the man and I just plain like the sound he gives off. I think readers will, too, and for a sampling here are some quotations lifted from his preface to "Guide to Life and Literature of the Southwest," published by the Southern Methodist University Press.

> To the intelligent young and to the intelligent elderly, efforts in the present atmosphere to opiate the public with more pictures of frontier enterprise have a ghastly unreality.

> I have heard so much silly bragging by Texans that I now think it would be a blessing to themselves—and a relief to others—if the braggers did not know they lived in Texas.

> I rate censors, particularly those of church and state, as low as I rate character assassins; they often run together.



> The American populace has been taught to believe that the more intellectual a professor is the less common sense he has; nevertheless, if American democracy is preserved it will be preserved by thought and not by physics.

> Patriotism of the right kind is still a fine thing; but despite all gulfs, canyons, and curtains that separate nations, those nations and their provinces are all increasingly interrelated.

> Nothing is too trivial for art, but good art treats nothing in a trivial way.

> The Anglo-American's policy toward the Indian was to kill him and take his land, and perhaps make a razor-strop out of his hide. The Spaniard's policy was to baptize him, take his land, enslave him, and appropriate his women. Whites have absorbed only a minimum of the Indian culture compared to the vast amount we have absorbed from Negroes. . . . It is unfortunate that most of the literature about Indians is from their enemies. Yet an enemy often teaches a man more than his friends do, and makes him work harder.

> Knowledge helps sympathy to achieve harmony.

> The one thing essential to writing if it is to be read, to art if it is to be looked at, is vitality.

> Life is fluid and definitions that would apprehend it must also be.

> An educated person is one who can view with interest and intelligence the phenomena of life about him.

> The boundaries of culture and rainfall never follow survey lines.

I think I can take that as about the sound a man makes. And I will believe that the sound of such men is America's ultimate weapon, which is to say the sword of wit beaten into the plowshares of compassionate perception. I wish one could hear more of that sound in our national lives. I suspect it gets drowned in the sounds from Washington and the messed-media. It does occur to me, however, that I'd sooner buy my crick-o crunchies from a man who says "Knowledge helps sympathy to achieve harmony" than from the man on the dipsy-doodle machine who turns out the current commercials. There must be a place in the agencies for what Dobie writes. Maybe for a start he could be commissioned on a modest arrangement to write the copy for those little slips inside Chinese cookies. It seems a lovely custom to finish each meal with a thought. I'll take J. Frank Dobie for my digestion's sake any time.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"L'Amore" Revived, "Macbeth" Restored—Vasary

FOURTEEN years, plainly, is too long a time between performances of Italo Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei Tre Re." The quality of this score, which had fifty-one performances at the Metropolitan between 1913 and 1948 and none since, was eloquently evident in the NBC-TV Opera Theatre presentation directed by Alfred Wallenstein late in February, with Giorgio Tozzi dominating the scene as an Archibaldo in the grand tradition of such predecessors as Virgilio Lazzari and Ezio Pinza.

Indeed, by the measure of this powerfully sung, admirably acted characterization, the associated efforts of Phyllis Curtin as Fiora, Frank Porretta as Avito, and Richard Torigi as Manfredo were several sizes less than comparable. Each had his or her virtues—vis-à-vis the TV camera, the English text (by Joseph Machlis), and the open ear of the microphone, but they undermatched, in vocal impact or power of characterization, the values in Montemezzi's pulsating, richly fanciful score.

This remains, clearly, a singular response on the southern side of the Alps, to the Wagnerian, more particularly the Straussian, impulse from the North. Wallenstein was clearly in command of its mood and purpose though the continuous undercurrent of orchestra was sometimes audible only to those who knew when to listen for it. Kirk Browning's direction was more than typically well conceived, the values of Ed Wittstein's rather delicately tinted decor soberly atmospheric in the color cast.

Versatility may often be a euphemism for lack of specialized abilities, but Wallenstein showed in other activities of the week that he can broaden his field without sacrificing sharpness of focus in conducting another in his all-Beethoven series with the Symphony of the Air (Emil Gilels was soloist in the second and fourth piano concertos) and a Philharmonic sequence devoted to Wagner's "Faust" overture and two symphonies: the "great" C major of Schubert and Prokofiev's No. 7.

Conductors, generally speaking, may be grouped into two classes—the larger number who try but fail to grasp the essence of Schubert's peerless work, and the smaller number who succeed without seeming to try. Wallenstein is, by this fresh evidence, in the smaller coterie—which, by passage of time, is smaller now than ever before. His treatment is consistently musical—which is to say, it finds its thread and takes its clue from the incomparable text itself, pursuing sense and climax unremittingly. Each movement had its own contour, the four locked together like pieces of a mosaic to form a whole.

Wallenstein ended it all with the sforzando and morendo (dying away) chords as written in the score. This caused some sacrifice in audience response, but satisfied the spirit of those to whom the composer's purpose is law. Wallenstein might now, with the text so well defined, strive for more flexibility here and there, a fonder caress on this effect or that, but perhaps he needs a more flexible, fonder orchestra than the Philharmonic to fulfill all his ideas.

Say, for example, the Cleveland Orchestra, which has recently concluded its three-part visit to Carnegie Hall. At the end of it conductor George Szell was waving farewells to an applauding throng, and well it could applaud, having heard not only a broadly sonorous "Meistersinger" overture, a spirited version of the Bartók "Concerto for Orchestra" and a spacious playing of Schumann's D minor Symphony, but also a consequential new pianist of Hungarian origin, Tamas Vásary.

Exploiting the opportunity which came to him through the illness of another rising meteor of the keyboard (Maurizio Pollini), Vásary responded with a muscular, sure-handed, and yet adroitly modulated playing of the Liszt E flat Concerto. Slender, more youthful-looking than his twenty-nine years, Vásary plays with the self-possession of a veteran as well as the exciting impulse of one newly come to his powers. He does not, fortunately, try to make every bar a thrust to the kill and every chord a climax; he plays for meaning and to the measure of the orchestra as a true collaborator should. But when the moment comes, he can ride a burst of power the more exhilarating for being unexpected.

Good orchestras are common and great orchestras not unknown in Carnegie Hall. But Szell's is, currently, in a category of its own for the blazing enthusiasm these players bring to their thoroughly disciplined effort. They are good and they know they are good, but they are not so surfeited with it to lean back and relax. This is front-of-the-chair playing, a treat to hear.

Much has changed about the Metropolitan's treatment of Verdi's "Macbeth" since it was new in January, 1959; not all of it for the better. Death has deprived us of the growth projected in the first Macbeth of the late Leonard Warren, and time has shown that Leonie Rysanek's teetering between vocal virtue and vice in her debut as Lady Macbeth inclines more and more to the latter. A gain may be cited in the musical direction of Joseph Rosenstock, vice Erich Leinsdorf (who was then an emergency choice for an ailing Dimitri Mitropoulos). He has a surer sense of integration among the varied elements—instrumental, choral and individual—though it tends to be Germanicized Verdi and, to that extent, less than authentic (if the word can be invoked about a production in which Birnam Wood is omitted!).

Even more than the veiled bottom and the uncertain middle register as counterbalance to her explosive top (now produced with an effort almost physically conveyed to the listener), extended acquaintance with Rysanek's range of dramatic effects brings the disconcerting realization that they are much the same whether the role is Aida or Amelia, Senta or Sieglinde . . . a side posture of the body, a slicing motion of the hand, a pointed upward thrust of the finger. This may, perhaps, not matter too much where the musical tide is high, but where characterization is of the essence—as with "Lady"—Miss Rysanek leaves one with a sense of stereotype.

This, too, was a weakness of Anselmo Colzani's generally well-sung Macbeth—rather too florid a roly-poly staple of the Italian operatic stage to suggest the Thane of Glamis. The evening was not without such vocal illuminations as Giorgio Tozzi's "Studio il passo, o mio figlio" on behalf of Banquo and Carlo Bergonzi's "Ah, la paterna mano" (Macduff), but these were all too characteristic of a performance in which virtue went by individual aptitude rather than as the product of an overall, guiding plan of procedure. The settings were Caspar Neher's, the stage direction nominally Carl Ebert's.

Quite the brightest individual interlude of the week (which, in justice to the administration, included a notable reunion of Nilsson and Corelli in "Turandot" among lesser matter) was Judith Raskin's debut as Susanna in a "Figaro" in which Walter Cassel sang Almaviva for the first time, and capably. Musical breeding is a comforting quality of Miss Raskin's artistry, also a quick professional wit which enabled her to become part of an ensemble for which she had scant ensemble preparation. The voice, though petite, is well proportioned and carries well. Ignace Strasfogel was conductor.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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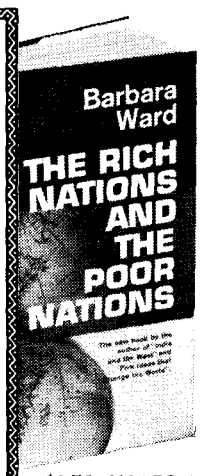

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

A Frank Diary

HOW DOES one prepare oneself for imminent death in this American age of leisure, faithlessness, and futile striving for identity? **"A Gift of Time,"** Garson Kanin's adaptation of Lael Wertenbaker's biographical account of her husband's final cancer-ridden months ("Death of a Man"), presents such a case.

The doomed man is Charles Wertenbaker, ex-head of Time and Life's Paris Bureau, who retired at the age of forty-five to write novels which achieved no great prominence, became ill with cancer, and committed suicide some eight years later.

The play describes for us the last few months of his life, in which he staged a remarkable struggle against pain, self-pity, and the temptation to extend his life a year or two by permitting himself to drag on partially incapacitated during that final period. Unfortunately his decision to live each day "an hour a minute" until the moment when he will have to become bed-ridden, and then to cut his wrists, is never very thoroughly examined or challenged by the doctors, by his friends, or by his wife.

Thus the play becomes merely a demonstration of a sensible process agreed upon from the start. And there is an inevitable unsatisfactoriness to an endless parade of scenes in which courage must be represented as small talk in the face of gravity. In the last act the pattern changes somewhat as Charles keeps summing up his life and counting his blessings, but, as he himself points out, "I had better die pretty soon. I'm running out of last words." The death scene itself is nicely presented with an assist from Boris Aronson's French seacoast setting, which suddenly comes hauntingly alive under Jean Rosenthal's moody lighting. And the epilogue nominally puts a joyous cap on the somber story, as his son casually remembers Charles as "an okay guy."

An interesting though not fully explored part of "A Gift of Time" is the picture it paints of today's deterioration of human dignity. The smallness of our lives is reflected in the surgeon's helplessness against a mestastasized malignancy, the routine necessity of treating people as if they were incapable of taking bad news straight, the inhumanity of laws and official procedures which act against permitting mature people the free choice of regulating their personal lives according to their own wisdom, the protection of children from any share of family unhappiness, the maze of sentimental platitudes available for every occasion, and the inability of people to say very much that is remarkable. Indeed, the best speech in the play is quoted from Montaigne, and the nicest moment is one in which a friend says goodbye to Charles with "and . . .," to which Charles replies after a pause with "Yeah."

Charles is played with quiet resoluteness and with continually understated inflections by Henry Fonda, who makes us feel that he has always been eaten away with futility and that this new disaster is a change only in degree. His determination to learn the guitar from his son is all the more effective, because we suspect that the challenge is as great to the actor as it is to the character. As his wife, Olivia de Havilland seems to say each insignificant line as if her heart were in it and appears so concerned with keeping up her daily relationship with her husband that she misses a good deal of the irony and the poetry of his situation.

Although Garson Kanin's direction never evades any vital unpleasantness, he doesn't allow the scenes to become tedious or gory as they easily could. "A Gift of Time" is not a very gifted play, but the simply stated facts of the true story it tells about one of the major anxieties of our time may move a majority of its audience.

YOU are not apt to find a better directed, better performed, better designed piece of naturalistic theatre than **"Moon on a Rainbow Shawl,"** currently being presented at the East 11th Street Theatre. The play, written by Errol John, creates, in the atmosphere of Lloyd Burlingame's poetic set, a life-rich poor neighborhood in Trinidad, and in the course of its action we see a half-dozen people's lives permanently changed because of the pressures which work on a group of Negroes trying to get more out of life than indolent day-to-day survival. As a strict and hard-working mother, Vinette Carroll uses her rubbery face to evoke abrupt comedy one minute and deep pathos the next. Ellen Holly and James Earl Jones have one marvelous scene in which we see two fine people suddenly made ugly by circumstance. And Cicely Tyson as a saucy and selfish little prostitute adds uninhibited merriment to the proceedings, which director George Roy Hill keeps moving in a bubbling West Indian rhythm. —HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Maybe Last Year

ALAIN RESNAIS gave fair notice in "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" that he was at war with the traditional film of incident and plot. By exploring more than one time level he achieved a passionate and mythlike quality, with his two anguished lovers imprisoned in the vast meanings of their time. This tendency he has carried much further in **"Last Year at Marienbad."** He has taken the most basic of triangle situations and created with it a dreamlike tour de force, in which subtle film technique has almost been made an end unto itself.

The wonder is that he is able to find the writers who can provide him exactly the material he requires. For "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" it was Marguerite Duras, and for "Marienbad" it was Alain Robbe-Grillet. Both are, of course among the leaders of an interesting group of younger French novelists who blandly dispense with conventional narrative techniques and give only the vaguest sketch of their characters' backgrounds.

For Resnais their poetic but skeletal constructions are ideal. The Robbe-Grillet screenplay for "Last Year at Marienbad" employs the repetitive, cadenced phrases reminiscent of those in "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," and while they first appear to be spoken by a narrator, it is he who turns out to be one of the principal members of the triangle. The centuries-old "hotel" in which this man moves, invariably attired for dinner, is an enormous baroque palace with endless receding corridors, mirrors, stucco traceries, ornate staircases—a decor of formal, empty magnificence. While we learn little of a "hard" nature in this film, we can assume that the guests of this hotel live out idle amusements and rituals in a magnificent but prisonlike atmosphere. They have their bar, card tables, dining rooms, shooting gallery, a theatre in which the actors only echo the meaningless fragments of the conversations of the guests.

The man, named by the program as X, meets an elegantly beautiful woman, A, who is "perhaps married" to M. This simple, almost mathematical triangle then becomes an enigmatic situation which begins, ends, and seems to begin again like an infinite regress. We find X attempting to persuade the vaguely attentive A that they have met last year "perhaps at Marienbad," that certain events had occurred between them then, and that it was she who had suggested they meet this year at this place, which is like Marienbad, with the same icily handsome decor, the same formal gardens with no flowers, no shrubs, but only a cold arrangement of flagstone and gravel walks, of water and statuary. Meanwhile, the third party to the triangle, M, regards what appears to be happening between the woman and the stranger from his aloof distance, solemnly interested in the posible disruption of his own relationship with the woman.

At times he is drawn to the stranger, engages him in a game involving the arrangement of sixteen cards or matches in a mathematical progression (the "Marienbad game"), politely suggests a meaningless meaning for a puzzling sculpture in the garden. Is he jealous? Only in the woman's imagination as she finds herself unable to resist the slow accumulation of detail with which the stranger "proves" to her the truth of what happened last year.

Neither a factual or chronological understanding of the story is sought by Resnais, who instead creates a romantically formalized world, perceived as though broken into fragments which now rest on varying levels of time, and which can presumably be reassembled as desired by the individual viewer. This may sound passing strange to random moviegoers not yet accustomed to some of the newer film explorations, but if seen without preconception or hostility "Last Year at Marienbad" is marvelously fascinating. Resnais uses startling camera, editing, and sound techniques to build curious, haunting images of a ritualized, almost lifeless experience.

Nevertheless, Delphine Seyrig appears here as a woman of rare beauty, Georgio Albertazzi is effective as the remorselessly insistent lover, and Sascha Pitoeff is silently evocative as the man who, perhaps, will be desolated if his wife has responded or will respond to the stranger. Remotely, at first, but tellingly, the feeling grows of people caught in a hardened atmosphere of convention, with the eternal romantic ever attempting to break through the formal façade, which imprisons and freezes life, like death.

But the meaning I took out of this brilliantly photographed and original film may not be someone else's. It has been said, in fact, that the writer and director have given varying interpretations of what is now on the screen, where form, this once at least, has gained a victory over substance.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Our Man in the Ozone—5. Over the Phnom

QUITE some time ago I adopted the theory that all airline schedules are not made in the traveler's heaven. My long-standing fidelity to that supposition was reaffirmed recently when I was persuaded, at half-past five in the morning, to rise in the mechanically contrived frost that pervaded the room I was occupying in the Auberge des Temples, just across the moat from the ruins of Angkor Wat, and shuffle off in the direction of the airport of Siem Réap, a small town in northwestern Cambodia. The antique C-47 I boarded is one of the two airplanes that comprise the flying fleet of Royal Air Cambodge, which evacuates passengers from Angkor just twice a week, running down from this old capital of Cambodia to the new one at Phnom Penh in about an hour.

In the salad days of the Khmer kings, when the empire called Kambuja included Annam, Laos, parts of Thailand, and even selected districts of China, Angkor was the capital, an Asian Athens in the jungle clearing. But the neighboring Thais, with whom the Cambodians are still not on friendly terms, undertook a seven-month siege of Angkor in 1430 and the Khmers of Kambuja were forced to evacuate the capital two years later. They removed it to the banks of the Mekong, to the site of Phnom Penh, 175 miles south and east of Angkor where the Tonle Sap and the Mekong come together and then flow apart again, coursing southward through Vietnam and then into the South China Sea.

In the middle of the nineteenth century the French moved into Southeast Asia, establishing a protectorate over Laos, Tonking, Annam, Cochin China, and what emerged as Cambodia, a kingdom with brilliant regal trappings and an overlord from far-off Gaul. When the Japanese swept through Asia, white Western rule lost face, and when the war was over the Communists and the nationalists drove for separation from the colonial powers. France officially left Cambodia in 1954, but its imprint is clear in Phnom Penh, a gem, as Asian cities go, with clean streets, broad boulevards, tree-lined avenues, raked parks, and whitewashed curbstones. Along these byways flutter motorized rickshas, U.S. Army trucks labeled "American Aid," and a colorful assortment of Cambodians, Europeans, an occasional stunning Eurasian, old white Asian hands and some new ones imported by Cambodian owners to run the hotels and restaurants. Then, too, along the riverfront, where they labor as fishermen, live the Vietnamese refugees, mostly Christians, an impoverished minority in a neutralist Buddhist society. It is, I would judge, a difficult assortment to please, for the other day the movie theatre called the Eden was playing "Les Nuits d'Amérique" in French, the Lux was showing "Le Voleur de l'Hirondelle" in Chinese, and the Hawaii had "Chang Cham Nenh Dach Cham Nang" in Khmer.

One almost needs to be able to enunciate Khmer syllables to pronounce the name of the capital at all, but it is all beastly simple for the Cambodians, who exhale *phnom* through the nose secure in the knowledge that everyone knows it means "hill" anyway. As for Penh, with its useless trailing "h," it was the name of a lady who, according to some legends, spied a tree floating in the Mekong with statues of Buddha hidden inside. She had them taken to the top of a hill (*phnom*) out of reach of floodwaters. The capital sprang up around the *phnom*, which still exists today. A *stupa*, or steepled tomb, contains the remains of Mme. Penh, who shares the summit with a Buddhist monastery, a circumstance that insures a continuous file of saffron robes trudging up and down the hill.

The morning I arrived in town from Angkor I buzzed off with some dispatch to the grounds of the Royal Palace, which is open to all comers who arrive in the proper hour (mornings only) and who remember to bring their passports. Guides in white jackets and brass buttons conduct visitors into the dazzling compound studded with palaces, monuments, and national treasures. There is a small palace for the royal musicians and another larger open one with ceiling fans for the royal ballet. There is a formidable palace, guarded by sentries, which is the residence of Queen Norodom Kossamak Nearath, mother of Prince Sihanouk, the chief of state.

If I have followed Cambodian politics correctly—*ma foi*, even those of Jersey City perplex me—the Prince, to take him back to the proper place, was, on the death of his grandfather in 1941, jumped over his father and a number of uncles, and placed on the throne. He was eighteen. I have heard it said that a group of royal counselors was responsible for the maneuver, and I have also heard the coup charged to the French. At one juncture in his fight for freedom from the French, Sihanouk abdicated in favor of his father, but later returned and rules now, not as king, but as "Chief of State," where, unfettered by

—*H. S.*

Throne Hall in Phnom Penh—in the dazzling compound of the kingdom, no king.

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protocol, he can fight the political battles like a bare-knuckled ward heeler. His course is alleged to be antiseptically neutralist, a direction which has caused a number of finger wagglers to judge him leftist. An issue of the government publication *Cambodian Commentary* shows Sihanouk and his Prime Minister sitting with the Soviet Ambassador in one of the helicopters which, with two Ilyushin 14s, was presented to the Cambodians by the Russians. The same issue also shows 300 jeeps, some new police pistols, and an ensilage cutter given by the United States, and carries, as well, an article about a new hospital and a primary school built with Chinese aid funds. Alongside the China aid piece was a plea for China's entry into the U.N., and a statement of Sihanouk's pleasure over the "growth of friendship between neutral Cambodia and the two giants of the Socialist Camp."

I have no doubt that this evidence would be enough, in certain centers of United States thought, to elect Sihanouk to the Soviet Presidium, but I must say there is no indication that any of the splendid royal trappings on view in the palace compound are being withdrawn, and for that matter, on the morning that I toured it, the Throne Hall was being readied for the wedding of the Prince's son, to a lovely young bride who waited nervously in the shadows of the glittering hall for the rehearsal to begin. Down at the end of the long, carpeted runway sat the grand bronze *doré* statue of King Sisowath, great-grandfather of the Chief of State, who died in 1924. Above his gilded effigy rose the nine-tiered golden umbrella indicating his rank, and his hand held a copy of the sacred sword.

Alongside Sisowath is a great throne, shaped like a boat, with dragons' tails on both sides, symbols of the Brahman religion brought to Angkor by the Indians who edged across Southeast Asia to the shores of the Pacific. In front is a golden chaise with cushions of red and gold brocade on which the late king's body lay in state. To the right stands the erect figure of King Sisowath Moniwong, grandfather of the Chief of State, who reigned from 1924 to 1936.

In the palace of the Sacred Sword, next door, two Brahman holy men, descendants of the Brahmans of Angkor and still kept at the palace by modern rulers, were winding cords in preparation for the approaching wedding. In a case there was a gilt-edged conch shell to hold the holy water which, as a Brahman blessing, is sprinkled on the regal head each time the monarch has a haircut. According to the palace guide, the custom is practiced to this day. There was the showcase of clothes

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to be worn by the king on coronation day, the jewelled crown should he be sitting on the throne, a golden crown should he be borne on a palanquin, a broad-brim felt hat with a jewelled band and a flowing feather should he take to a horse, and a golden helmet with earlaps attached should he ascend an elephant. And finally there was the Sacred Sword itself, 800 years old to say the least, and, according to some, the very same sword described by a Chinese emissary to the Khmer court in the thirteenth century.

Silver is the theme in the Silver Pagoda, a hall lined with 4,800 silver tiles, and decorated with cases of silver Buddhas donated by the devout. There is one of pure gold, six feet high and weighing 198 pounds. But perhaps the most interesting decoration in the Silver Pagoda are the murals that cover its walls, a study of Cambodian life on one side, and on the other, paradise and hell complete with lurid scenes depicting the penalties that await mortals who participate in such sins as incest, cockfighting, too much love-making, and, worst of all, making love in a pagoda (punishment: lie on a bed of nails).

One of the less artistic treasures left by the French is a Victorian chateau donated by Napoleon III which stands, shuddering from embarrassment, I suspect, in the middle of the palace grounds, surrounded by brilliant Oriental palaces. A better French legacy is the National Museum, built of dark red stone which somehow evokes the proper *ambiance* for the relics of Khmer art which it contains. Next door, Les Corporations Cambodgiennes sells the work of graduates of the School of Cambodian Fine Arts. On hand is everything from Vishnu in cement to Buddha in copper. The best buy, I thought, were the rubbings, and the equivalent of $10 brought me a huge one of a regal scene at Angkor, some six feet long and three feet wide, which shall doubtless cost ten times its purchase price to have framed back home.

The rest of the shopping is a little strained in Phnom Penh, for the currency is not at all stable and it is difficult to know what things really cost. The official rate of the *real* is 34.58 to the dollar, but in Bangkok you can buy Cambodian *reals* at sixty to one, which is their proper value. At Siem Réap the government gives travelers to Angkor a tourist rate of 59.58 to the dollar, available at the hotels. This preferential rate is not officially awarded to travelers in Phnom Penh, but still most places that deal with tourists exchange unofficially at fifty to one. (A Cambodian visa purchased in the United States and paid for in dollars costs a whopping $4.30 per person.)

As for the hotels, the best place for tourists is still probably the ancient armory called the Royal, which has a swimming pool in back frequented by bikini-clad French ladies and crew-cut U.S. kids. It will soon have an elevator, which it needs almost as much as it needs a dining room large enough to seat its house guests. One night it was setting up overflow tables in a hallway still strewn with the flowered remains of a reception held by the Burmese ambassador a few moments before. The best food is reputed to be at the Raja, a hotel made over from a private villa, but when I rode over to have a look at it one afternoon, I was dissuaded from returning for dinner on its enchanting outdoor terrace by the size of the crawlers inhabiting the rooms upstairs. That leaves the new Monoram, a crisp and efficient operation run by a Swiss which opened a year ago with seventy rooms, many of them with terraces and air conditioning. The trouble with it, and this may not bother you, is that it has been located in the commercial center of the city and possesses no other dining facility except a snack bar. At fifty to one, a room cooled by a fan will cost about $7 a night at the Monoram. The best suite at the Royal will run about $15 with air conditioning, and a dinner in the garden of the Raja comes to $5 to $7. I am presuming you have been to the black market.

A new hotel will ultimately be built along the riverfront, where, as things stand, there is a pleasant flowered walk, and a view of the stilted houses of the Vietnamese fishermen across the still water. My last morning in town I took a boat for a tour of the Tonle Sap, hoping to have time to cruise down to the Mekong, that mighty river that supports so much of Southeast Asia. Air France, which was coming all the way from Paris before setting down at Phnom Penh, could scarcely be expected to be on time. A Cambodian, less sophisticated in ways of world travel, insisted on turning back and heading for the airport. The giant white Boeing, I am chagrined to admit, was already on the runway and the bubbly lady who took my ticket said, "Ah, Hong Kong. *On fait des folies à Hong Kong.*" We were off on the split second—may the French forgive my doubts—and I shortly found myself reclining in the deep seats, sipping Veuve Cliquot five miles up over the China Sea. There followed a parade of *pâté, Jambon de Paris, Suprême de Volaille en Bellevue* and a *Bouquet de Pointes d'Asperges.* It was, I assure you —may the Cambodians forgive my candor—the best meal in five days. Man cannot live on culture alone.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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Continued from page 25

ing optimism that seems to overtake all robust thought in the United States.")

He tells of the accelerating interplay between psychology and religion. ("Theology enrolls more students at Columbia University than any other department.") And he briefs wittily and well the ideas of Father Victor White, Jacques Maritain, Paul Tillich, Reinhold Niebuhr, Martin Buber, and others.

In some of his most evocative pages Sykes discusses psychology and the creative artist (Joyce, Kafka, Mann, D. H. Lawrence). In a searing exposition, he describes the problems of Jackson Pollock and explains why psychoanalysis had little or nothing to offer him. ("It could . . . make no headway with him. . . . It would have threatened his one claim to special consideration. He preferred to die, rather than become what he called a square; and psychiatry must tend, in any society, to produce squares.")

Gerald Sykes studs his book so thickly with quotable sentences that the reader-with-a-pencil soon finds he is underlining half of some pages. One man's epigram is another man's bromide; but I especially liked: ". . . aggressiveness takes its most murderous forms when it is nominally, as in Communism or Christianity, at the service of a noble doctrine like the brotherhood of man." . . . "James Joyce was a schoolman from the day of Aquinas, the victim of a mischievous bet between Yahweh and Satan who was dropped into the day of Parnell and given an enchanter's pen." . . . "An adult is more likely to think with the solar plexus if he faces his daily humiliations." . . . And this, one of the book's closing sentences: "Magnanimity, or the possession of a great soul, has become a condition of survival."

As a work of comparative psychology, "The Hidden Remnant" holds the reader, and enriches him with many fresh insights into man's newest and most indefinable philosophy-science. But as a call to arms to save the world from nuclear devastation it may mobilize its audience, but it will not launch an attack. For it never really names an enemy nor indicates that there is a battle-plan behind the blare of the bugles.

Perhaps the author is himself too good a psychologist to indicate a cure—but then, as ex-*Time* Editor T. S. Matthews is reported to have once asked Henry Luce, "Why did you keep me standing on my tippy tip toes when you never intended to kiss me?"

Preening a Distorted Reflection

"The Image, or, What Happened to the American Dream?," by Daniel J. Boorstin *(Atheneum, 261 pp. $5), castigates our modern tendency to concentrate on appearance and to confuse it with reality. D. W. Brogan, author of "America in the Modern World," is professor of political science at Cambridge University in England.*

By D. W. BROGAN

THIS IS a most entertaining, acute, stimulating, timely, and intelligent book. It is also at times censorious and, less often, peevish. Daniel J. Boorstin's purpose is revealed in his title and in the picture on the jacket. The picture shows the head of the Statue of Liberty "enlightening" the world; the title reflects our modern preoccupation with the "image," not what we are or what to the objective observer we would seem to be, but the appearance we present. Appearance is all; reality can go hang. We live (the image is mine, not Professor Boorstin's) in a kind of hall of magic mirrors in which we are forever looking at our distorted reflection, careless of whether it resembles us or not, concerned with the favorable impression we make (and often wrong even about that). And since everybody else in the modern technology-dominated world is behaving in the same way, we can neither see nor be seen as we are; all that we see is ourselves—and others—anxiously scrutinizing images. As the epigraph from Max Frisch puts it, "Technology [is] the knack of so arranging the world that we don't have to experience it."

Plenty of rulers, and of the ruled, have in the past wanted to appear other than they were. But Jacob wanted to impersonate Esau for a specific purpose; having achieved it, he wanted to be Jacob again. He didn't spend the rest of his life dressing up his "image." The difference is a change from mere occasional fradulence to a permanent way of life based on projection of an image, a way of life fradulent in another sense, since you try to be what your projected image makes you appear to be. This modern phenomenon is due to what Professor Boorstin calls "the graphic revolution." The popular press, universal "literacy," radio, TV, the movies, "digests," and advertising bombard the citizen, who isn't sure that he has an independent personality, much less that he knows what it is, till he becomes an image, adjusting more or less consciously to the multiple pressures that replace the citizens who can't be fooled all of the time with the mere voter who likes to be fooled—if he is conscious enough to know that that is what is happening to him.

Professor Boorstin pursues this theme with astonishing acuteness and tenacity. He has plunged deep into the underworld of the press, of Madison Avenue, of politics. He has dredged up some monsters of the deep that first make one laugh, then laugh on the wrong side of the mouth, and finally make one begin to despair of the commonwealth. It is after reading Boorstin that one appreciates in its full horror the recent proposal made in all innocence by a Madison Avenue tycoon, that the "projection of the American image" should be put in the hands of a department of cabinet rank staffed by advertising men. Poor Statue of Liberty, "image" of a more innocent day! Poor, naïve Thomas Jefferson, appealing to a candid world! This is, indeed, a tract for the times.

It does not lessen the timeliness of the tract to wish that it were less censorious. Not all the things denounced by Professor Boorstin stir any indignation in my breast. I share his dislike of the "pseudo-event," the story, not necessarily formally false but basically meaningless, that is foisted on us under the name of news. But the pseudo-event is not quite an invention of our times; court chronicles are full of them. Nor is the bogus hero a novelty. The legend of "Davy Crockett" is a masterpiece in this genre.

THEN, too, I am not as indignant at slogans as is Professor Boorstin. "When it rains it pours," a brief, witty, and relevant claim about a brand of table salt, should not be confused, as it is here, with mere incantations. Some slogans are innocently revealing, such as "I'd walk a mile for a . . ." In what other country would this be a plug of the first order? And Professor Boorstin believes that the famous picture of the child going to bed above the legend "It's time to re-tire" advertises pajamas. I think it advertises a brand of tire. One or the other of us hasn't got the message, and that is a comforting thought.

Nevertheless, this is a brilliant polemic about a real problem.

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Illuminating the Gray Matter

"Adventures of the Mind (Second Series) from The Saturday Evening Post," edited by Richard Thruelsen and John Kobler *(Knopf. 654 pp. $6.50), provides for the active mental appetite a smorgasbord of topics. Houston Peterson, who is a professor of philosophy at Rutgers University, wrote "Huxley: Prophet of Science."*

By HOUSTON PETERSON

THIS book is an awesome work to review, especially with forty pairs of distinguished eyes staring down at one from forty splendid, full-page photographs. Of course, one can make the obvious complaint that there are too many vast topics, all discussed too briefly—eleven or twelve pages to an essay. But anthologies do not pose as libraries, and responsible writers, I presume, do not deliberately mutilate their own subjects beyond recognition. In each case we can reasonably ask for perspective, coherence, and some significant information, presented in prose that urges us on to further readings, specifically listed. These things are accomplished, I think, in nearly all of these adventures of the mind.

However, the arrangement of the articles, apparently following the original order of publication in the *Post*, seems almost haphazard, hiding the many continuities and interrelationships that the book contains, and leaving the reader to puzzle over such piquant juxtapositions as "Science and Sex Ethics" and "Listening to the Universe," or "The Elusive Neutron" and "The Dilemma of Youth." May I humbly, or at least academically, suggest a revised table of contents?

Since the very purpose of the book is the enlightenment of literate laymen in this nuclear world, why not start right off with introductory pieces by a mathematician and two physicists—who are also humanists? Under the disarming title of "The Small World," Dr. J. D. Williams of the Rand Corporation sketches the incredible "explosion of knowledge" in recent generations, which is now augmenting the fantastic "biological explosion," which will in turn provide more and more victims for another kind of explosion in an even smaller world unless . . . ? "One senses a euphoria in the social atmosphere scarcely compatible with the problems before us." The same urgency is expressed in "The Conflict of Cultures," abstracted from Sir Charles P. Snow's famous lecture "The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution," in which he pictures the widening gulf between the "literary intellectuals" and the scientists.

Now we can turn to Professor Gerald Holton's more specific and even more embarrassing discussion of "The False Images of Science" (seven of them), with the major share of the blame placed not on the ordinary citizen or even the busy scientists themselves but on the so-called "intellectuals" who have lost contact with even the elementary facts of modern science. Consequently, Holton insists, "our intellectuals, for the first time in history, are losing their hold on understanding the world. Of all the evils arising from the separation of culture and scientific knowledge, this bewilderment and homelessness is the most terrifying." The only remedy is the imaginative introduction of science into all levels of education, with new, revolutionary methods of instruction.

After recovering slightly from this harsh indictment the literate layman or ignorant "intellectual" might read ever so carefully "What You Should Know About Physics," by Sir George Thomson, and then, on successive evenings, toss off the elements, the neutrons, the stars, and finally the universe itself, with the help of A. C. Lovell and his fabulous radio-telescope at Jodrell Banks in England. It would be better, of course, to read his sublime little book, "The Individual and the Universe," in which he reminds us that "the fate of civilization will depend on whether the rockets of the future carry the astronomer's telescope or a hydrogen bomb."

Here we may pause for a bit of breathtaking, stock-taking, philosophical perspective, while Professor Philip Morrison, physicist of Cornell University, boldly proceeds to "discuss the very roots of physics, the sources of its strength and its fruit." Boldly he passes from the freezing, clockwork universe of Newton and La Place to "the restless universe" of Born and Heisenberg —and somehow manages to make it faintly plausible and oddly reassuring.

Physics no longer sees its universe as a mere whirling automaton but

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rather as a changing, chancy and yet an impersonally ordered and patterned place. In this place action and knowledge are not distinct; full certainty and complete hazard are equally unreal. Such a picture of the world admits the play of moral choice, yet it requires that even moral choice can be studied at least in part with the tools of science.

After the physicists we may bring together, for further cumulative effect, five essays by leaders in the biological sciences, and linger perhaps on Dr. Garrett Hardin's "In Praise of Waste," torn from the last chapter of his wide-ranging and utterly fascinating book on evolution, "Nature and Man's Fate." He is not a "fatalist" in the vacuous sense of the word but he respects the genes and disrespects uninstructed Utopian planners. "The societies they sketch have a high degree of rigidity and finality; and they seek to eliminate all waste, which is variously conceived in terms of economic waste, human suffering or moral turpitude. The student of biological evolution cannot accept a Utopia that embodies either of these features. Evolution is an unending process, in which waste plays an indispensable role."

E. M. Forster's familiar words from "Howards End"—"Only connect! . . . Only connect the prose and the passion, and human love will be seen at its height. Live in fragments no longer"—could be the text of another section of our revised anthology. Stephen Spender in "The Connecting Imagination" refers especially to Forster, to Shelley, and to D. H. Lawrence. As a poet he can express as well as anyone our fearful predicament, but, unlike many poets and countless beatniks, he does not join them in "the egotistic search for their lost egos." He admits that "we probably have to accept the idea of the separation of private from public worlds. But, at the same time, we have to bridge the gulf in our imaginations if we cannot do so within the social structure. . . . It seems to me that the bridges which cross the gulf of interior and exterior world can, today, be made only by men who have the power to imagine vividly and create in novels, poems and paintings our situation. In the West we still have the freedom to build bridges."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column two should read: 6, 1, 20, 17, 8, 13, 9, 12, 16, 14, 15, 18, 3, 2, 10, 19, 5, 4, 11, 7.

Resolving Doubts

By William Dickey

SHE If to demands of others I agree,
Then I will be another, but not me.

HE If their requiring voices shake your ear,
How will your very spirit help but hear?

SHE It will, a bird, desert its builded nest,
And in the virgin cloudbank only rest.

HE If they have wings like other birds of prey,
How will it from those raptors keep away?

SHE It will seek out the ocean's whitest curl,
And sink within it and become a pearl.

HE But when they dive as glittering fishers dive,
Will they not take your luster all alive?

SHE Venue shall make no difference to disguise,
Nor shall my center open to their eyes.

HE But if by chance, by force, by God knows how,
You all unguarded should some night allow
Another there beside you in your bed,
Body is body, and will not lie dead.

SHE Body is body, but the heart stays true,
And should that happen, I will think him you.

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SPRING AND THE WANDERLUST

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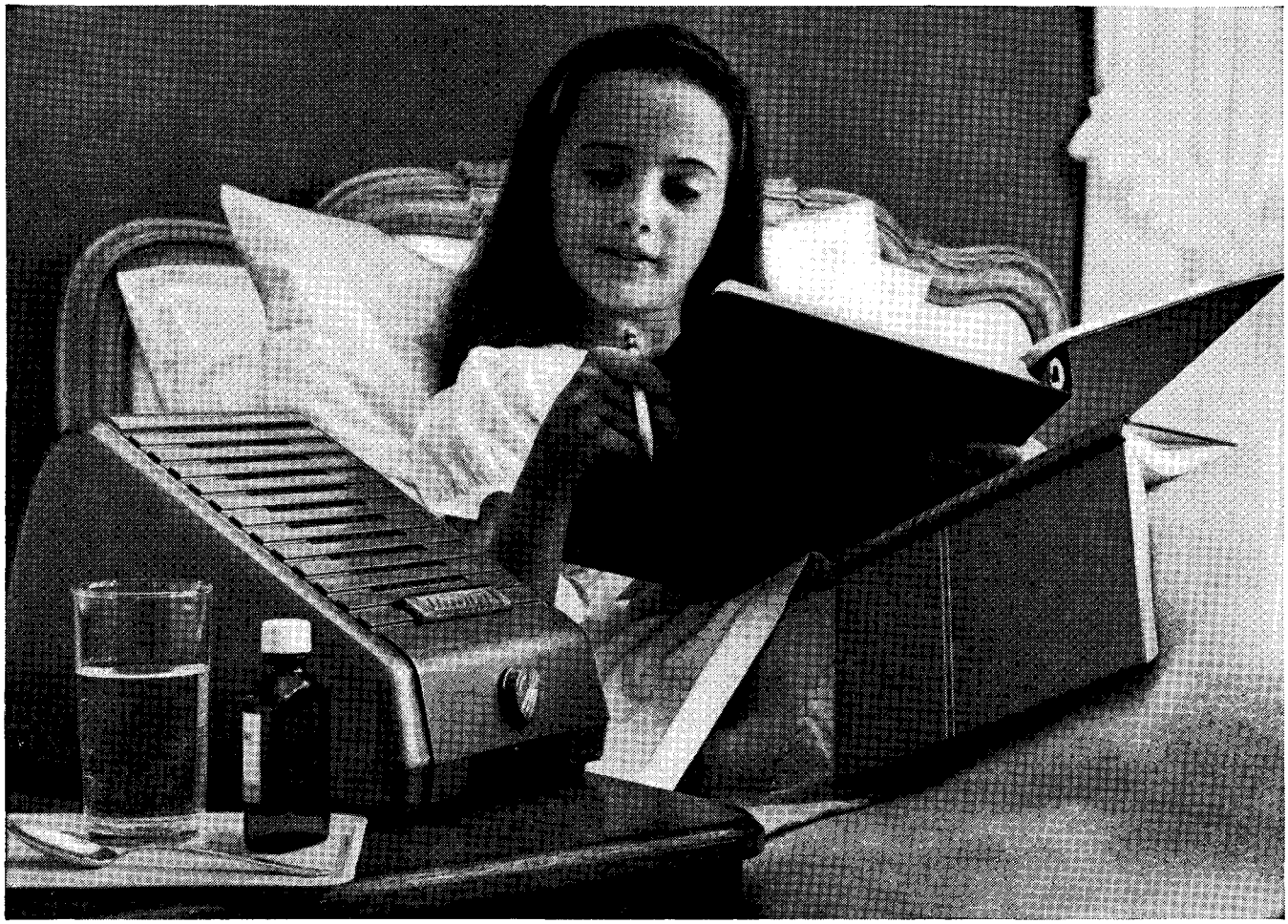
Telephone Teaching for Shut-ins

How a Bell System service helps hundreds of students go to school from home or hospital



THE days don't *have* to drag when you're young and confined by illness or accident. Not with School-to-Home Telephone Service. It brings lessons, classmates and school activities almost as close as before—and promotes recovery.

A portable speaker-microphone in the classroom carries every word over telephone lines to a similar unit beside the student's bed. The child can hear and be heard, recite and discuss, just as if present in person.

Whether a youngster is shut in for a few months or for years, scholastic progress need not suffer. Such students not only keep up with their classes but are often stimulated to do still better work and achieve honor rankings.

A few facts for parents

Some 5000 School-to-Home telephone systems are now operating in the U. S. But there are an estimated 125,000 potential users! If local educators approve – and if your child can read, hear, hold a pencil and press a switch, he can probably benefit by this service.

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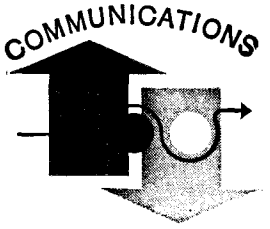

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The Trend Toward the Ten-Cent Newspaper

PRECISELY a decade ago only thirty-seven daily newspapers in the U.S. and Canada charged ten cents or more for a single copy; the other 1,724 dailies were sold at a price at or below seven cents, and by far the most common price, in 1952, was a nickel. Ninety per cent of the daily press ten years ago peddled its wares for five cents or less, apparently able to break even or a bit more on the traditionally modest pennies that built daily print journalism to its mountain peak of prominence and power.

Beset by severe competition from radio newscasting, which killed the "extra" and changed the format of every front page in America, the newspaper business had scarcely recovered its balance when a new blow struck it, once again from the field of electronics. TV news, on-the-spot coverage of sporting and political events through sight as well as sound, documentaries making use of live pick-ups and film combined suddenly, in the 1950s, to stagger the printed press before it had had time to return to normal stride after the incursion of radio. To make things worse, the national advertiser soon was being asked to divide his precious appropriations with two more voracious media. At a time when union escalator clauses had begun to cut deeply into a newspaper publisher's normal expectation, when radio and TV news competition was in its curiosity—or severest—stage, before editorial and format changes could be made to meet this unbelievable new competition, the American newspaper publisher was forced to charge more and more for his product, simply to stay in business. Quite a few never made it.

The ten-cent newspaper seems to be the wave of the future in English-speaking North America. An American Newspaper Publishers Association survey for 1961 shows that 414 U.S. and Canadian papers are currently selling for a dime, an increase of 130 in one year (though the highly informative New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune* are still only a nickel). All sorts of reasons accompany the ANPA's survey and if they have the faint echo of cliché they are none the less real to those face to face with "spiraling costs." The odd part of it all is, however, that so far the price increases have made little or no difference in total circulation, though at least some of this can be attributed to consolidations and the unhappy but very real haven of one-paper or single-ownership monopoly. In any case, only 772 U.S. and Canadian papers now get a nickel or less for a single copy out of the 1,825 dailies surveyed, while more than 1,000 papers now charge seven cents or more. It is an unmistakable, if highly disturbing, trend, though home-delivery prices have stayed pretty much the same.

Since the ten-cent telephone message became common, it's been less difficult to persuade a newspaper reader that his daily paper was not worth at least as much as one phone call. Obviously, one of the great bargains of the Western world is a whole daily paper for a nickel or two. But where do we go from here? Will the American press have to follow its Sunday edition into the fifteen-to-thirty-cent single copy bracket? What happens to mass circulation then? What happens to mass adult education through

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In His First Year, JFK Has Proved To Be Active, Resourceful Chief

AFTER a year in office, George Washington had not established a strong federal government, Abraham Lincoln had not saved the Union and Franklin D. Roosevelt had not conquered the Great Depression.

Neither has John Fitzgerald Kennedy, in the space of 12 months, accomplished the central task of the presidency in our time, which is to turn the tide in the great world struggle with communism.

But a year is not the testing time of a president. On the long, dreary calendar of the Cold War, a year is a tiny interval. All it provides is the seeding time for a harvest still far in the future.

ON THE inaugural platform a year ago a determined young president called on the nation to make a new beginning in "a long twilight struggle" with an end not yet in sight.

That beginning, under his leadership, has been well and soundly made in the last 12 months. The nation is stronger, more resolute and more aware of its role and its problems than it was when Mr. Kennedy moved into the White House.

The economy has recovered from a nagging recession. The nuclear and conventional power of our arms has been increased. Our missiles have carried two astronauts into space.

The first steps have been taken toward the construction of a strong, new Atlantic Community to serve as custodian and defender of the Western heritage.

OUR nerves have stood the test of recurrent crises from Elisabethville to Berlin. We have preserved the peace without abandoning the defense of freedom.

Under the influence of an informed, active and literate president, the whole tone of the national life has been invigorated and improved.

Long before his election, Mr. Kennedy once declared that the Constitution envisioned the presidency as "the vital center of action in our whole scheme of government."

This is what the office has become under his leadership during the last year.

He has been an active and resourceful president, whose influence has been evident in every segment of the government and in every policy decision.

On the anvil of crisis, he has forged qualities of steadiness and restraint which are reassuring in a nation that must live in the shadow of thermonuclear war.

He has met failure and disappointment—particularly in Cuba—without losing heart or his sense of perspective. And he has learned from his mistakes.

Reprinted from The Denver Post

Palmer Hoyt,
Editor and Publisher

the daily printed word, undeniably fundamental in a democracy? How many would be willing to pay, say, fifteen or twenty cents for their newspaper, day after day after day?

The answer probably lies in one of three directions:

The first is that a very great many more people might give up the habit of getting their daily news from the printed page and would go entirely over to radio and TV newscasting. While this would supply some of their daily news requirement, it could never supply it all, for there is simply no substitute for an intelligently written, carefully edited newspaper, any more than the average American could now depend utterly on print media for the big national conventions, the World Series or the first flight to the moon.

The second direction involves other sources of revenue that might be tapped to help the publisher postpone the fateful day of the more-than-ten-cent newspaper. But there are only two valid possibilities: reviewing all union labor contracts in the publishing business with a goal of reducing or holding down printing and editorial costs; and raising advertising rates in the face of the severest sort of competition from the electronic communicators. Neither avenue appears fruitful at the moment.

A third direction does, however, offer some light on a hazardous road: the possibility of changing the entire format of the American newspaper. Even the men and women who work there will agree that the six-pound Sunday New York *Times* has gotten pretty absurd in size. Indeed, when a European comes to visit, his greatest astonishment after the heights of Manhattan and the bustle of our people is the bulk of our press. Newspapers he reads at home carry advertisements but nowhere near the unending and often garish displays that, to a foreigner, seem to waste a lot of newsprint (though he doesn't realize that U.S. newspaper economics is tied up with the economics of the American department stores).

The *Wall Street Journal* proves you don't have to stick to traditional American news formulas to be readable or to make a respectable return on your journalistic investment. Assuming that much of the headline cream will have been taken off the top by the time the reader reads your product, it is, it seems to us, quite possible to move in the direction of a smaller, more compact, and more precise newspaper, perhaps with a wholly new editorial vista, less flamboyant display advertising at higher rates, and bold new steps along the road of the magazine format, steps already being experimented with by John Denson on the New York *Herald Tribune*. —R.L.T.

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WHAT NEWS DOES THE PUBLIC BELIEVE?

By JOHN TEBBEL

MORE people get their news from newspapers than from television, by a narrow margin, but they believe what they see and hear more than what they read. The percentage of those who believe television news has increased by 10 per cent in the past two years, while newspapers have declined in public believability by 8 per cent during the same period.

This information, which nearly all of the free American press apparently did not think worth printing, is contained in a study recently released by the opinion research firm of Elmo Roper and Associates, following up a similar survey made in December, 1959. Both studies were conducted among a 2,000-case statistically accurate representative cross section of the United States population over twenty-one years of age.

These results confirm the suspicions (and anxieties) of a few farsighted newspaper executives that the image of American newspapers is slipping as far as the public is concerned, and that the era of cheerful statements and dignified pooh-poohing is just about over. The newspaper business has been fighting television for the advertising dollar; clearly it is now also engaged in a struggle to maintain its pre-eminence as a news purveyor, which it has held over other media for so many years.

The survey figures are anything but reassuring to publishers. When people were asked where they usually get most of their news of the world, some refused to select a single medium as their major source and, reflecting common observation, insisted that they got their news equally from two or more sources. But taking into account the resulting unbalanced percentages, the 1961 survey (as of November) showed that the newspaper lead of 57 per cent had remained unchanged since 1959, while television had inched up a percentage point to breathe down the rival medium's neck at 52 per cent. This, as any publisher would admit, is altogether too close for comfort, especially if radio's 34 per cent is added to television. Magazines, naturally, rate far below, at 9 per cent.

But the real damage is contained in the answers to this question: "If you got conflicting or different reports of the same news story from radio, television, the magazines, and the newspapers, which of the four versions would you be most inclined to believe—the one on radio or television or magazines or newspapers?" A total of 39 per cent in the 1961 survey called television "most believable," a jump of 10 percentage points in two years, while newspapers, at 24 per cent, had dropped from 32 per cent in that period, and were displaced in the lead by a significant percentage. Radio, in 1961, lagged far behind at 12 per cent, with magazines at 10 per cent, both figures unchanged in two years.

Even more damaging are the answers to a related question: "Which of the four versions would you be least inclined to believe—the one on radio, television, magazines, or newspapers?" Here 28 per cent of those surveyed called newspapers "least believable," 4 percentage points more than two years ago. Magazines were next with 25 per cent, an increase of two. Only 9 per cent found radio least believable, a drop of one point in the two years. Television showed a remarkable 7 per cent, which was a decline of two points since 1959.

As Roper has pointed out, more people in 1961 rated newspapers "least believable" (28 per cent) than rated them "most believable" (24 per cent), but in the case of television, more than five times as many rated it "most believable" (39 per cent) as rated it "least believable" (7 per cent).

Perhaps hardest to take for publishers who accept the survey figures (some will not, of course) are the answers to a final question: "Suppose you could continue to have only one of the following—radio, television, newspapers, or magazines—which one of the four would you most want to keep?" A rousing 42 per cent of those questioned put television first, as they had two years ago, increasing an already substantial lead over newspapers, whose 28 per cent represented a four-point decline in two years. Radio increased its percentage during the period from 19 to 22 per cent. The bad news for magazine publishers, who have been hearing very little else lately, is their astonishing 4 per cent, at the bottom of the list, unchanged in two years. The extremely low "don't know" figure, only 4 per cent, is evidence of clear-cut feelings on this question, the research firm points out.

While there is certain to be debate about the qualitative uses of the word "believable," there is no argument at all about the difficult position in which the newspaper business, as we have known it, finds itself today. A study made two years ago by Dr. Paul J. Deutschmann, of the Communications

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Research Center at Michigan State University, sponsored by the Scripps-Howard Newspapers, illuminates one aspect of that position.

This study involved twelve successive weekday issues of seven daily newspapers in New York City, three in Cincinnati, and two in Cleveland. It showed that, on the average, these dozen newspapers devoted 61 per cent of their space to advertising; 23 per cent to special sections (comics, sports, society, financial, editorials, and columnists); and 16 per cent to news, foreign and domestic, but also including amusement and travel news.

It is certainly not a startling revelation that newspapers are disproportionately devoted to advertising and entertainment. Indeed, some fat moneymakers in the Middle West display appallingly little news after page three. But in the face of constantly rising costs, and the growing competition of television advertising, it would be unreasonable to expect a newspaper to limit its advertising for the sake of getting more news in its columns, or to cut down the entertainment features which reader surveys show account for much of nearly every paper's circulation.

In any case, it is unlikely that the quantity of news offered by the two media has much to do with believability. Television offers no more news, if as much, in proportion to its commercial time and entertainment programming. What is it, then, that makes television news more believable to the public? Remember, too, that there are no substantial differences in newsgathering. Much news in both media comes from the same place—the reports of the wire services. Nor is there any significant difference between newspaper city room staffs and their outlying bureaus as compared with the news rooms and bureaus of radio and television. Many of the men in the latter got their training on newspapers.

There is only one real difference, and it may be the key to believability. Television covers the news visually, and while film may not have the chronological immediacy of the newspapers which have preceded it in the public view, it has the immediacy of "presence." The viewer sees the news of the day with his own eyes, in many cases, through film and stills. Moreover, he can see the man who is giving him the news, and although the reporter in this case may be only an announcer, he is visible and can be judged as a man face to face with the viewer.

"I saw it with my own eyes" is the cliché in our language which most often describes believability. There is another cliché, all too often applied to the press: "You can't believe everything you read in the papers." This, of course, is true, but it is also true of television and radio and magazines. Students of the history of communications in America believe that this native distrust of newspapers is a carryover from the time, not so far in the past, when newspapers could not in fact be trusted to give the news except in a highly partisan way. Such newspapers still exist in America, but they are relatively few.

The distrust lingers, however, usually unjustly. Newspapers are constantly accused in everyday conversation, among intellectuals as well as among more average citizens, of slanting news, promoting their own private, partisan interests, and ignoring news which the critic thinks important. Often a newspaper is suspected of sinister motives, and there are firmly entrenched folk beliefs, stemming largely from motion pictures, that reporters, if they are not doing the bidding of scheming publishers and managing editors, are "digging up dirt" or suppressing virtue and exalting vice. Many readers seem unable to separate a paper's opinion function from its news function. The realities of newspaper making are virtually unknown to the public, nor is it particularly interested. Virtue, as everyone knows, does not excite most people, and it makes little difference whether vice is real or imaginary.

ONE seldom hears the same criticisms made of television and radio coverage of the news. Sometimes an outspoken documentary or a particular commentator is attacked, but this is the kind of criticism a newspaper gets from statements made in editorials and columns. As far as the straight presentation of the day's news is concerned, the station is almost never charged with manipulation or distortion. The real reporter, who is usually as invisible as his newspaper counterpart, is represented by the man who reads the news, and as any viewer can see, he is a well-dressed, convincing, dignified figure who shows you, with his pictures, what happened that day. The networks, moreover, have developed reporters who, working with cameramen, know how to combine visual and auditory coverage of news especially for the medium. These men are the new reporters of our era.

There is much to be said on both sides of the believability fence, and undoubtedly all of it will be, in the coming months and years. No one expects newspapers to be eliminated by television; they occupy a special and highly important place in American life. But in this age of technology, of electronic marvels, it may well be that their news function will be eclipsed by television, justifiably or not. Many people, and not all of them newspapermen, would regard that prospect as catastrophic. On the other hand, if the majority of the public should come to get most of its news from television—it is not far from that situation now—and if it finds this news more believable, as it already does, then television will become the primary news medium in this country. At that juncture it will face the same heavy responsibility that always confronts a free press in a democracy.

"Has it ever occured to you that there might be more to life than just what's going on in the world?"

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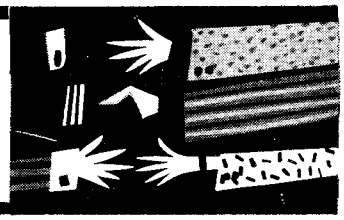
Public Relations



The Ross-Newsom Pitch

By L. L. L. GOLDEN

OF ALL the jobs carried on under the umbrella of the words "public relations," none demands a more delicate and intimate relationship with the client than counseling. All the large firms, and most of the middle-sized ones, offer counsel to their clients on matters affecting public opinion. But there are only two solid, well-established, and well-known ones in the country that are mainly concerned with giving their judgment on group attitudes, T. J. Ross and Associates, Inc., and Earl Newsom & Company.

Contrary to an impression often held both within and without the business, Mr. T. J. Ross and Mr. Earl Newsom, who head the firms bearing their names, do not sit cross-legged on vast mahogany desks in continuous contemplation. Nor do they tell their clients how to run their businesses.

These men, who incidentally are as different in background, training, personal views, and appearance as any two individuals can be, claim no omniscient powers to manipulate public opinion. Both render services for their clients which are paid for handsomely. Both, to an unusual degree, maintain the trust of those who retain them. Both have expert knowledge of public mood and can often guess correctly how it will react under certain circumstances.

As Mr. Newsom puts it, "We are one of many voices in the formation of a decision." Or as Mr. Ross says, "We never tell a client what he must do. We offer our advice and, naturally, it isn't always taken."

Both firms have important parts in the making of decisions affecting public opinion, for after all public opinion, which no one can really assess, is their speciality. But they do not walk away when the decision is made. If it is a speech of vital importance to the corporation they serve, they help draft it. If it is testimony before a Congressional committee, they aid in the wording of the presentation. The idea, so prevalent even within the public relations business, is that these firms do not do anything but talk. Mr. Newsom says, "We use our fingers." And Mr. Ross says, "We are all deck hands." Most of the production in cases where these firms act as counsel is done by the internal public relations departments, with which both firms work closely.

A look at these firms, their principals, and their beginnings is interesting.

After graduation from St. Francis Xavier College in Brooklyn, and a spell as a newspaperman, Mr. Ross joined the firm headed by Ivy Lee, one of the earliest successful practitioners in the business. That was in 1919 when Mr. Ross, just returned from World War I, was twenty-six years old.

Today his firm has five officers, four staff men, and a total organization of twenty-six. All of them are based in New York except one staff man who is manager of the firm's West Coast office in San Francisco. Many of the clients have retained the firm over a period of twenty to twenty-five years. Included in the clients are the Chrysler Corporation, the American Tobacco Company, Armour and Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, the Equitable Life Assurance Society, the Rockefeller Foundation, the Socony Mobil Oil Company, the Western Union Telegraph Company, Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company, American-Flag Steamship Companies, and the Rheem Manufacturing Company.

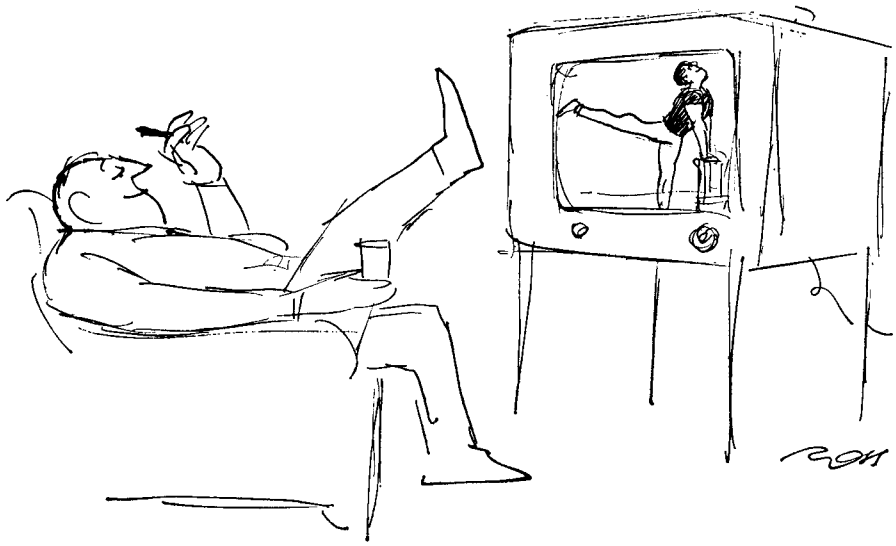
Mr. Ross, or one of his men, sits with management groups, prepared to speak on decisions that are likely to have a favorable or unfavorable impact on what the public thinks of the corporation. In some cases he is a member of the board of directors of client firms and feels it is helpful to sit on boards.

Mr. Newsom, unlike Mr. Ross, came to the business rather late. A graduate of Oberlin College, he taught English, mathematics, and Latin at preparatory and high schools, worked on magazines and in book publishing. He established his business, without clients, in 1935. There are five partners in the firm, including Mr. Newsom, three associates, two editorial researchers, two librarians, and a total staff of twenty-four people, all in New York. The Newsom firm's client list includes Broadcast Music, Inc., the Campbell Soup Company, the Columbia Broadcasting System, the Kennecott Copper Corporation, Eli Lilly and Company, Lincoln Center, R. H. Macy & Co., the Martin Marietta Corporation, the International Paper Corporation, Remington Rand, Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), and Trans World Airlines.

The Newsom firm also was retained by the Ford Motor Company for ten years, from the time Henry Ford II became president. It also had as a client Ford Foundation in its early years.

Mr. Newsom does not sit on the boards of any client firms and thinks it would be a handicap to do so since he prefers to be an outsider, or at least a step away.

The senior members of both firms are highly experienced men, many of them with exceptional careers in media. But, as happens in this area, the man the client depends upon most in almost all cases is the principal. It will be interesting to see what happens to both these firms when Mr. Ross and Mr. Newsom retire. Public relations as a whole is a very personal business, in the sense that the client-agency relationship is the key to the entire operation. It is even more so with firms which work largely in the area of offering advice, an area so difficult that few have been able to survive.



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SHOOTING THE SHOOT

By MARGARET R. WEISS

AT COCOA BEACH, eight miles north of Cape Canaveral, most of the motels sport such space-minded names as Vanguard, Satellite, Polaris, and Sea Missile. There's one, however, that is known simply as Holiday Inn—which at the moment seems somewhat of a misnomer. For it is the scene of all-work-and-no-play since wire service and magazine staffs have set up auxiliary photo headquarters there for space-shoot coverage.

Accomplished with a despatch and efficiency any spring-cleaning housewife would envy, the conversion of motel rooms into full-scale darkroom and photo lab facilities took just two days. And big days they were, too. Walls and floors disappeared under protective plastic wraps. Even the chrome on sinks was covered with electrician's tape to prevent its being marred by acids and chemical solutions. Everything that required hanging was suspended from two-by-fours wedged into place without use of a single nail—this to comply with the motel proprietor's edict.

Electricity presented a special problem. Since the only appliance in the motel's rooms was a small cooking unit, some means of adequate voltage to power darkroom and transmitter equipment had to be devised. Bob Tieken, AP's resourceful photo manager at Canaveral, and Tom Cottrell, his associate, split the stove's 220-volt circuit into two 110-volt circuits, feeding one into the darkroom and the other into the main room which housed the transmitters. (When news of the ingenuity of the do-it-yourself electrician and no-nails carpenter filtered down to UPI's rooms, the comment was: "We didn't even have a saw.")

Now fully equipped and with a staff of about eighty people—photographers, photo editors, lab technicians, engineers, messengers—the Holiday Inn photo labs are able to handle anything from making a negative out of a piece of 16mm film to making color-separation prints. Developing tanks can be set for huge 100-foot rolls of film as easily as for the standard-size roll.

Prior to the Shepard, Grissom, and Glenn shots, both AP and UPI covered Cape Canaveral activities from their respective permanent bureaus—beachfront houses a few miles north of the Inn, augmented by portable labs in house trailers berthed near the press platform about a mile and a half from the launching pad.

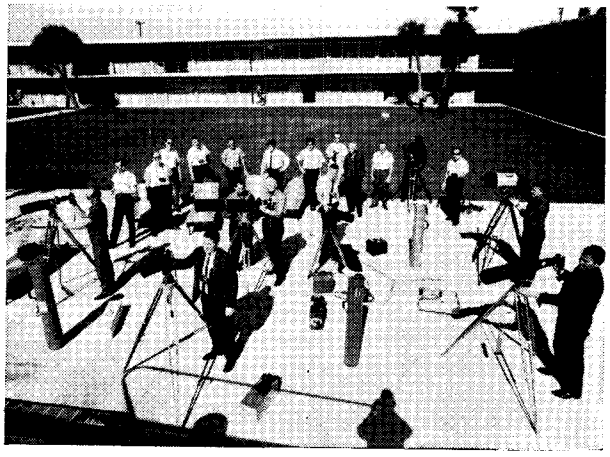
Expansion of these facilities was necessitated not only by the size, scope, and complexity of operations, but by the pool system which the National Aeronautics and Space Administration has instituted. "Pool positions" are NASA's answer to how hundreds of accredited newspaper, magazine, and newsreel photographers can be assured of good pictures from any site too confined to accommodate all of them at one time.

On the press platform, or at the hangar, or aboard a vessel of the recovery fleet, for example, NASA assigns positions to designated representatives of the pool. Each representative's material is shared among participating members of the pool on an equal basis for simultaneous release.

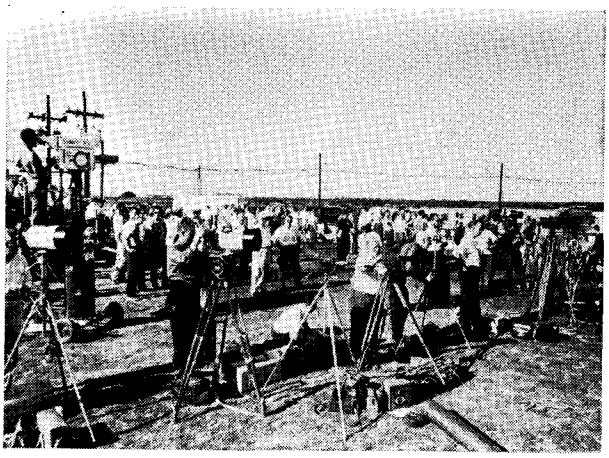
THERE are no "exclusives" in this type of photo coverage—every negative is made available to all at the same time. How does this system affect the strong spirit of competition characteristic of news services and other information media? One spokesman sums it up, "It doesn't. We're competitive and always will be—but we submit to the pool arrangement because of necessity."

The still-photo pool at Holiday Inn is made up of AP, UPI and *Life*, with *National Geographic, Saturday Evening Post*, and *U.S. News & World Report* as recently added associate members. At the motel labs all pool-position coverage is developed and printed and, in the case of the wire services, transmitted to subscribers here and abroad. Total time from exposed film to final transmission is only a matter of minutes.

Amid sleepy citrus groves and the once placid dunes of Cocoa Beach, photo newsmen are geared to communicate the space-flight story at a speed fitting to the subject.



—*UPI.*
A



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—*Wint Lemen.*
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—*Wint Lemen.*
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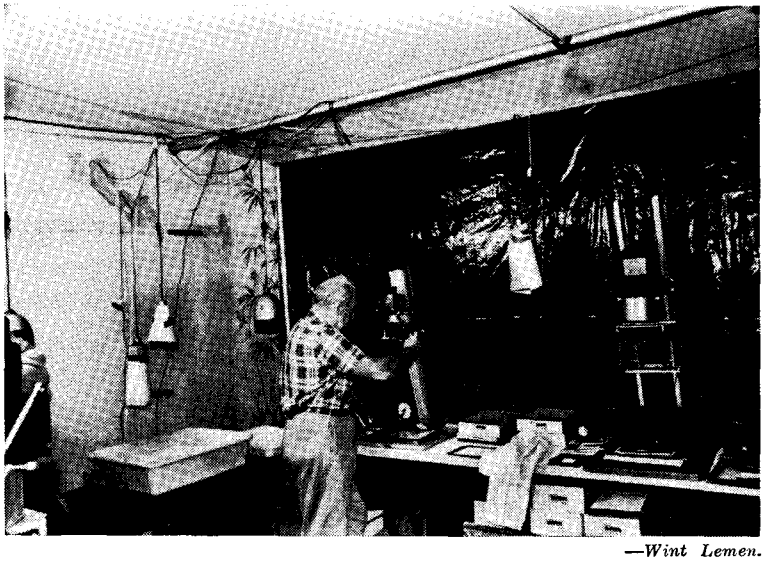

—*Wint Lemen.*
E

A: Members of UPI's picture crew outside Holiday Inn do a preliminary "dry run" before the shoot. (They dubbed this photo "the Cape Symphony rehearsal.")

B: Photographers and cameramen take NASA-assigned pool positions at press site to cover John Glenn space shoot. Long lenses (some are 1,000mm) insure large, detailed images though cameras must operate about 1½ miles from launch site.

C: AP staff member processing negatives in motel bathroom-darkroom.

D: Drying prints in *Life's* motel-room photo lab —a high-speed operation that must turn out quality prints in minutes instead of hours.

E: At work at the enlargers in AP's Holiday Inn photo headquarters.

F: UPI phones and telephoto transmitters are kept humming at Holiday Inn.

—*Wint Lemen.*
F

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A GIRL NAMED DINAH/A MAN NAMED JACK/THE FUN OF SINGING ALONG AND SATURDAY NIGH

THIS IS NBC

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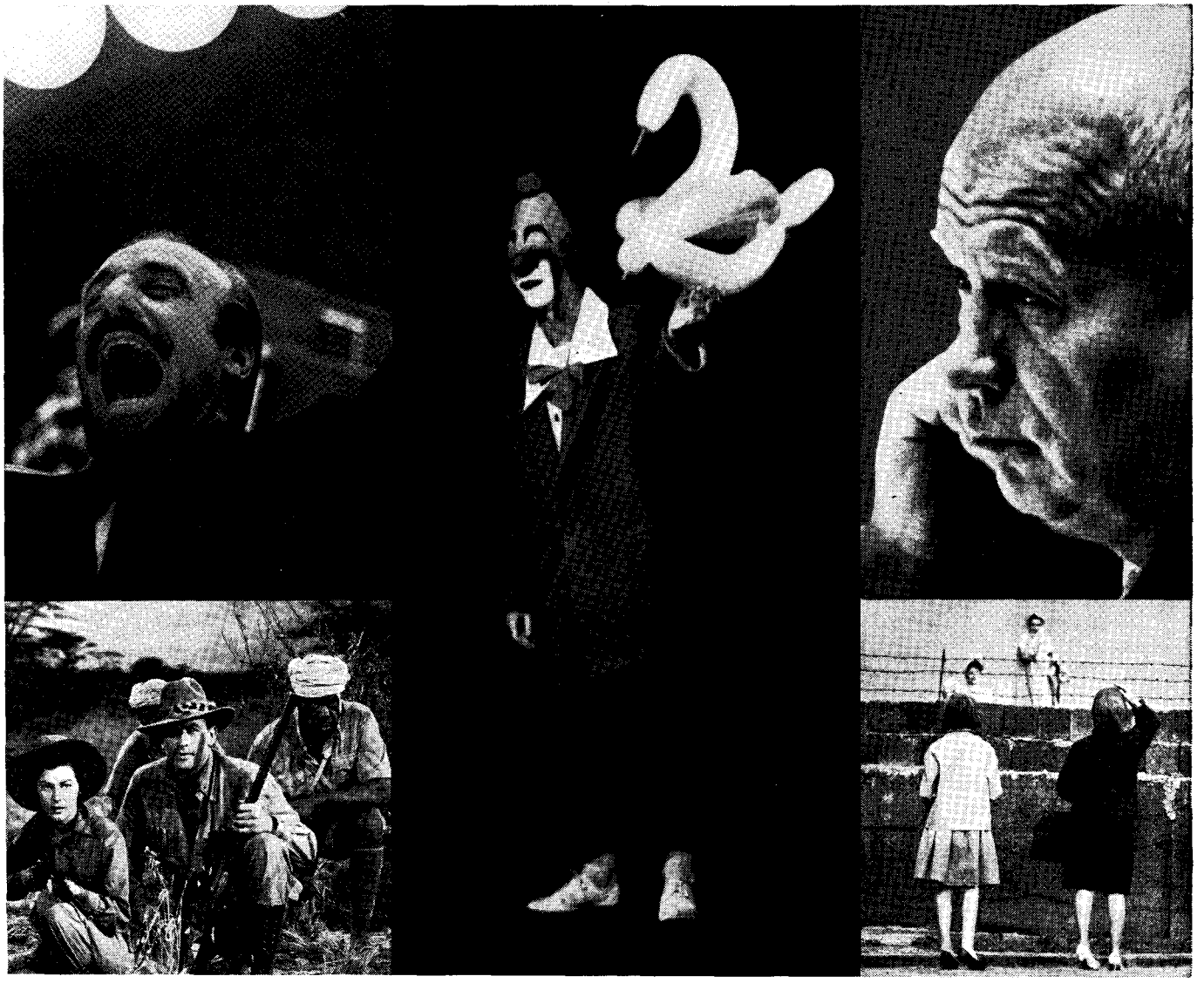
VIES / A CIRCUS IN DENMARK AND KHRUSHCHEV AND BERLIN



ARGEST SINGLE SOURCE OF NEWS, INFORMATION AND ENTERTAINMENT IN THE FREE WORLD

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TV and Radio Aren't the Same

By RED BARBER

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the second part of a two-part article by one of America's most famous and literate sportscasters. The first, "How to Interview on TV," appeared in the February 10 Communications Supplement.*

JUDGE KENESAW M. LANDIS shook his shock of white hair. He looked at his watch, and said, "Shut the door. Anybody not here can't get in."

This was in the Statler Hotel, Detroit, mid-morning of the first game of the 1935 Cubs-Tigers World Series. The room was full of radio announcers, color men, network officials, advertising people. The four networks were covering, and the Commissioner of Baseball had ordered us all to his suite. When the Judge ordered, he ordered.

The evening before, I'd been in Columbus, Ohio, getting ready to do a football game. Suddenly I was sent through the night to my first World Series. I had carefully taken a back seat as the great men of radio filed in: Graham McNamee, Lowell Thomas, Ty Tyson, Boake Carter, Ford Bond, Bob Elson, Hal Totten, Paul White, Tom Manning, Quinn Ryan, Franz Laux. You name 'em, they were there, except for Ted Husing. The Judge had barred him for previously expressed differences with certain umpiring decisions.

"Gentlemen," the Judge began with a disarming smile, "I thank you for coming to see me today. You are the best men in your business, or you wouldn't be here. And I'm too old a man to try to tell the best how to do their work."

He was a chain-smoker, careless of ashes. He got another cigarette going. Nobody stirred.

"Now, gentlemen," he resumed, "this afternoon there will be on the field two teams that for this year are the best in their business, or they wouldn't be here. There will be two managers on the field and, for this year, they are the best in their business. And," and here he paused to study the assemblage, "and there will be four umpires, and they are the best in their business."

"Gentlemen," and he was really moving now, "gentlemen, I want to assure each of you that the full weight of the Commissioner's office will sustain you in the execution of your assignments. I guarantee that not a ball player, not a manager, and certainly not an umpire will trespass upon your radio booths, or in any way interfere with the performance of your duties."

Red Barber—"no substitute for thorough preparation."

"Now, gentlemen, you report. Let the ball players play, let the managers manage, let the umpires umpire. You report. You are to report everything that happens, everything you can see. But report, and nothing more. By reporting, I mean this—if a player walks over to my box, and spits a mouthful of chewing tobacco in my face, report it. Report how many steps he takes, how much tobacco juice hits me, and my reactions, if any. But don't feel sorry for me, or editorialize. Just report."

"Gentlemen, good day."

We left. But that set of instructions has never left my mind. There was also a rule-of-thumb application I learned at about that time. Bill Klem summed up umpiring once when he yelled,

"Umpire the baseball. That's all there is to it. Umpire the ball!"

Report, not play; report, not manage; report, not umpire; report the ball, where is it, what happens to it. "Where is the ball, and what is the score?" That's all there is to it.

Jackie Robinson came to the Dodgers. I had come from Mississippi and Florida. I had an emotional problem only so long as it took Judge Landis's words in 1935 to set me straight. Suddenly it was clear, no problem—report what he did. A voice from the grave had spoken.

The work of the ad-lib, play-by-play reporter is day labor—or better yet, daily labor. Seventy-five per cent of your work is done before you go into the radio-TV booth. There is no substitute for thorough preparation, which must be repeated each new day. I schedule two hours before the game for checking batting orders, seeing why there have been any changes by the managers, who is hurt, who pitches tomorrow, whether there have been any trades, any babies born, new players on the visiting team, plus just casual visiting with the players in their dugouts. The key word during the game is "why." There is a why behind every move that is made. Preparation that day, knowledge of the players, and the score will generally tell you why.

If you can't explain the why, there is the grace of humility. Simply confess you don't know, but will find out, and will report when you do. There are telephones to the dugouts and clubhouses.

There is one additional general point—vision. Vision is more emotional than physical. One sees mainly what he wants to see, or what he is trained to see. The fan wants to see his ball player safe, and he sees him safe. The umpire, who is closer, trained, and seeing only the ball, often sees it differently. The fan, when a long fly is hit, immediately sees a home run. The outfielder runs and catches it against the fence. The broadcaster had better be seeing the outfielder all the time, not the ball. The Judge Landis dictum of reporting saves the announcer emotional blurring of vision. It's a terrible thing to have to eat a premature call of a home run.

Judge Landis made plain three areas announcers were to avoid: those of the playing, of the managing, and of the umpiring. He might well have added a fourth: the rooting, which belongs properly to the fans. An announcer may well be the eyes for millions of listeners, who can see the game only as the broadcast comes to them.

Play-by-play on radio and play-by-play on television are not one world but two, yet the announcer must live in both. The pre-game preparation is the same, the game is the same, but there the similarity ends abruptly. Ego, as well as technique, comes in.

The radio announcer is the supreme artist. He paints the complete canvas. Whatever the audience gets, it has to get from him. Sound is his only medium. Two men are the basic requirements for radio: the engineer, and the broadcaster. The engineer turns on the mike, then rides the volume gain. The announcer sets the scene, runs down

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YOU DON'T HAVE TO SPELL IT OUT

It's the magazine that has a circulation of more than 8,000,000—a larger circulation than Life, Look, or The Saturday Evening Post. More women buy McCall's than any other magazine in the world. To see why, savor the publishing revelation between its covers. That spells it out.

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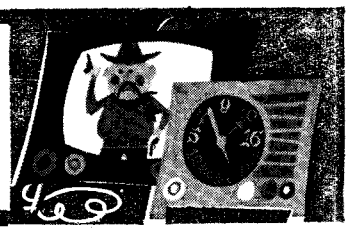
the batting orders, reports the weather and the crowd, names the umpires, and carries the sole burden of detailing how the game goes. I contend that the professional announcer actually talks from his eyes, his words merely responding to whatever his eyes can comprehend. As long as the announcer stays within the context of the actual play of the game, he is free to throw in anything he sees—the shifting of the defense, the mannerisms of the players, the antics of spectators, an episode or two. In order that the audience remain in step, the announcer must work in minute detail. He must have the ball in the pitcher's hands, have the pitcher on the rubber, have the batter crouching at the plate, have the runner stepping off first, have the pitcher take his sign, have his arms go up, have him come set, check the runner with a head-bob, and then have him pitch. The announcer must carry the listener along, must avoid having the listener surprised by the ball getting someplace the listener isn't prepared to be. There must be participation by the listener. A double play doesn't just suddenly happen: a runner reaches first base, *the infield tightens, the pitcher holds* the runner closely, then gets the batter to hit a curve ball into the dirt. The audience should be alert that this can be the result, not certain, but possible.

When the supreme artist moves to the TV side he doesn't need a head-shrinker. The monitor picture takes care of that. The ego is drastically reduced. The artist becomes a servant, servant of that swiftly changing picture that is what the audience is also watching, servant of dozens of men who comprise the camera crew. At Yankee Stadium we have five different cameras and each has a variety of lenses. The director reigns from deep inside the basement of the stands, seeing the game from five pictures. Each camera is constantly photographing, and each camera has its own monitor. The director calls a camera number, a switcher throws that camera on the air quicker than the eye can detect—another camera number *is* ordered—another picture comes on. The announcer, instead of controlling, is now narrating motion pictures. The picture shows all the details the radio man would report. Wordage has to be curtailed. The announcer never knows when the picture will change, so he has to speak in clipped phrases, ready to cut his remarks without notice. And yet, the cameras can't always cover everything, which presents the announcer with a delicate problem of what extra to say. But the radio announcer has no such visual pattern to keep up with, so he may feel more content in the end.

Audio/Video



The Economics of Controversy

By ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON

WASHINGTON.

AT DIFFERENT levels of sophistication and personal diplomacy, the heads of two television networks at the recently concluded FCC Program Inquiry hearings joined in a common opposition to centralized control of programs by the government agency. Dr. Frank Stanton, of CBS, did not see "censorship . . . in the strict sense of prior restraint as an issue"; rather, the danger was "a drift towards indirect, but nevertheless effective, program control by the government." NBC's Robert W. Sarnoff charged that "some would impose the centralized authority of the government to determine what is good for the public to see and hear." ABC, the third network, although undoubtedly sharing the views of its two competitors on the issue of program control, formally adopted a milder position, seeing "no need for further regulation." The commissioners, except for Rosel Hyde, who has been a minority dissenter before on this matter, seemed united in a vigorous refutation of the charges of "censorship" and "program control." The three networks no longer deny the FCC's authority to review a station's record of performance before the commissioners decide whether or not to renew the station's license (although in 1947, at a Senate committee hearing, Dr. Stanton denied that the FCC had this right).

The networks have also accepted the propriety of *indirect* network regulation under the Commission's famous Chain Broadcasting Rules (although the chain broadcasters vehemently contested these rules for years, all the way up to the Supreme Court, where the FCC was finally upheld). On the question of all-channel receiver legislation, the three networks supported the FCC's proposed bill before the present Congress. This bill would grant the commission authority to require manufacturers of television sets to make their receivers capable of receiving available UHF as well as VHF channels. The networks took this position in spite of the fears of some broadcasters that the measure would pave the way for many more TV stations and perhaps additional TV networks, would increase competition, and, through a kind of Gresham's Law, result in a general driving down of program quality (as has happened in radio). Dr. Stanton argued that the creation of more stations, and not more regulation, is the faster way to the improvement of a national television service. Thus the charges and countercharges concerning the commission's power to "dictate," "control," "censor," and "regulate" program content remain the significant factors of dispute between the networks and an apparent 6-to-1 majority of the FCC.

It may have been difficult for the general public to discern this situation from the rather rambling three weeks of formal statements, questions, and answers at the Washington hearings. The Program Inquiry was the final phase of a Network Study begun in 1955. Out of an initial fact-finding investigation came the Barrow Report, recommending *direct* regulation of the networks in areas other than programming. Then the quiz scandals exploded, and the FCC passed rules prohibiting the evils which had been exposed. The business practices of networks and affiliates got tangled up with matters of program content in the accumulating record. The discussion of violence and sex often injected into shows competed with ratings, two-station markets, etc. Newspapers, in their coverage of the hearings, gave more attention to irrelevancies such as "Mr. Ed, The Talking Horse," than to what the making of the record was really about. Ray Scherer's weekly, thirty-minute wrap-up on ABC-TV was objective but *couldn't possibly include everything.*

As for the commission, it could profit from a review of the hearings as an exercise in the art of communication. Conducting a hearing before television cameras imposes special challenges beyond those involved in patiently compiling a record in the relative seclusion of a commission chamber. It requires, for fuller usefulness, that the chairman and the commissioners, as well as the examining counsel, continue, during the questioning of the witnesses, to keep the central issues in sharp focus for maximum public understanding.

The network representatives, when

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challenged on substantive matters, tended to respond in generalities, and they were often clearly evasive. The commission staff, in pre-hearing preparation, might have weighted their explorations more heavily with specific items. Such specifics were rare expect in the questioning involving the notorious episode in "Bus Stop," ABC-TV's series featuring Fabian, the popular singer and teen-age idol; and in the handling of inter-producer memos dealing with the same network's "The Untouchables." Ideally, the hearings should have come before the public as a search for approximate truth in a difficult social and philosophical dilemma, not as a general conflict between the commission and the networks.

The dilemma is acutely confronted in a bill currently before the Senate Commerce Committee, proposed by Senator John O. Pastore, and known as S.2400, the Pastore bill. The issue may be resolved in the Congressional vote on this bill; and yet there was little careful discussion of it at the TV Program Inquiry hearings when government control of programs was charged. This bill is what the networks oppose; this is what they label "censorship" of programs or a "drift" toward government control.

S.2400 amends the Communications Act by defining a network. It requires all networks to file information statements with the commission; prohibits aliens from network ownership or operation; permits the FCC to classify TV and radio networks, and to promulgate rules ". . . . to assure that the policies, practices, and activities of such networks shall not adversely affect the ability of the broadcast licensees to operate their stations in the public interest." The proposed amendments do not include any "licensing" of networks. The commission has *not* asked for network licensing, deeming it inappropriate, difficult, and complex legally and administratively. (In 1941, William S. Paley, CBS Board Chairman, *favored* network "licensing." At a Senate Committee hearing, he said: "I frankly think that to whatever degree there should be licensing at all, networks should come under such licensing. . . . Along with subjection to the licensing authority, we will, under a properly drawn statute, have our status acknowledged and our rights safeguarded.")

The Pastore bill lists eleven specific areas in which the FCC could make rules for the networks. In the first, the commission could require chains to exercise supervision and control over programs, to prevent the influence of advertisers and independent producers (the nets say they exercise such control now). As for the other ten areas, none of them relates in any serious manner to the question of basic program content. In some cases, the nets are already doing what is asked for, but without *legal* responsibility. The bogey that bothers the networks is that S.2400 includes these eleven areas but is not limited to them. While the industry might agree that it could live with the known, it is afraid of the unknown rules which the FCC may make in the future under the very broad umbrella of the phrase "policies, practices, and activities." The commission's response to this fear, paraphrased, is: Yes, the language is broad, but so is the very foundation of the Communications Act itself—the basic touchstone "in the public interest." We see today, a majority of the commission maintains, some network practices which adversely affect the individual station's ability to operate in the public interest. The industry, however, is dynamic, ever changing; we cannot at present foresee *other* adverse activities. It is more sophisticated to make a broad rule, not unduly circumscribed, which will leave room for the commission's "sound discretion and considered judgment" in the future.

This, the commission argues, is a more orderly manner of regulation than that which exists now—under which the FCC proceeds, entirely in an ad hoc fashion, to deal with crises as they arise. As for the dangers inherent in such an approach, the commission might say, again in paraphrase: We, no less than the network managers, may be presumed to be men of probity. Whatever we do is always subject to judicial review and to Congressional scrutiny. There is always Section 326 of the Act, which expressly forbids to the commission "the power of censorship." The FCC is not hostile to networks: it has for many years acknowledged the benefits of networking and network relationships. The realities of broadcasting as it has developed, however, have revealed that it is ridiculous to hold individual stations responsible for programs over which they have very limited or no control. Nor does the commission seek to transfer legal responsibility from local stations to networks.

It seeks to *complement* local regulation with network responsibility. It seeks the "right mix" of local and network responsibility. This mix is not easy to determine; and the commission does not assume that it knows the details of the formula. That is the FCC position. The networks, instead of trying to work *with* the commission to find the right mix, take the position that stations actually do have considerable control over network programs; that the industry is young; that it is improving; and that competition and the general raising of educational levels in the audience will solve ongoing problems better than network regulation can do. This, understandably but regrettably, has been the industry posture throughout the history of broadcasting: fight every "encroachment" of government; then live and prosper under it when it becomes law; and then fight the next "encroachment." Perhaps the broadcasters are right; and perhaps this is how a democratic society best serves its desires—by a continual war among the members of the body politic. It is not, however, how it best serves its unselfish, national concerns. It is an irrational method, productive of little but delay of reasonable, orderly solutions to important challenges.

If we are to gauge the present temper of Congress, the legislators may more likely pass the all-channel receiver legislation than the Pastore bill. The latter bill may not come up (although hearings may be held) until after the fall elections. Should the receiver bill pass, it would still not negate the need for the network amendments. The ultimate paradox of the Pastore bill, however, is that it is not likely of itself to produce balance and diversity in television's schedules. The bill sanctions are merely "cease and desist" orders and possible court injunctions. The commission might, under the proposed amendments, require the networks to justify, in public statements, their program schedules, as it now requires local stations to do. It might specify for networks the fourteen program categories currently indicated for local stations in meeting the public's needs and interests. It might keep the spotlight of public attention on network performance. It might result in more public affairs shows for minority audiences; but that is not television's real problem. The real problem is the overwhelming use of the most powerful group communications force in history for purposes of mass entertainment. This is a problem, not of minority tastes, but of national values. To deal with this problem the FCC doesn't need the Pastore bill. Actually, under present rules, it has all the authority it requires, by virtue of its control of the contracts which affiliates make with networks. What the commission has not decided (and who has?) is whether or not it wants to use that authority.

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Letters to the Communications Editor

SO THIS IS HOW TEX DID IT . . .

SHAME ON AUTHOR Wilkinson [*SR*, Feb. 10]. Remind him that when he writes for *SR* he is not writing for a pulp. The Ocotillo is not a cactus as he states in his article. He also mentioned the "Sahuaro"; of course he meant the Saguaro (sah-war-oh), the blossom of which is the Arizona State Flower.

Research, Mr. Wilkinson, research.

KENNETH L. WILCOX.

Waukesha, Wis.

RICHARD WILKINSON'S "Whatever Happened to the Pulps?" was a welcome and refreshing change of pace.

Pleasantly devoid of the pretentiousness and hypocrisy usually encountered in a discussion of his work by a commercial writer, Mr. Wilkinson comes openly and compellingly to grips with the essence of his craft.

Similarly honest discussions of technique and viewpoint by other successful craftsmen of various fields would, I am sure, be warmly received by *SR* readers.

J. J. ELLIOTT.

North Hollywood, Calif.

YOUR ARTICLE about the pulps brings back fond memories of the old *Adventure* magazine and of the *Argosy* of those days, which had no resemblance to the present *Argosy*. I am thinking of a time somewhat earlier than the article seemed to cover—about 1916 and 1917. I never liked the Westerns too much, but there were plenty of others. "Tros of Samothrace" was first published in *Adventure*, I believe. There was another, in the old *Argosy*, called "The Invisible Empire," purporting to have been written by one Stephen Chalmers, but I have no idea whether or not that was his real name. It was as fine an adventure story as I have ever read, worthy to rank with the best of H. Rider Haggard, and that is high praise, coming from me. In fact I still have that copy of *Argosy*.

I have often wished that such things were available now. The phony intellectuals may sneer at this sort of thing as being "the literature of escape." Of course it is just that, but I for one need something like that once in a while, a very pleasant change from stern realities. TV is a very poor substitute.

PERRY A. BRICK.

Danbury, Conn.

FOR PETE'S SAKE—how *did* Tex get Bull when he had a sprained trigger finger?

E. KARN.

Baltimore, Md.

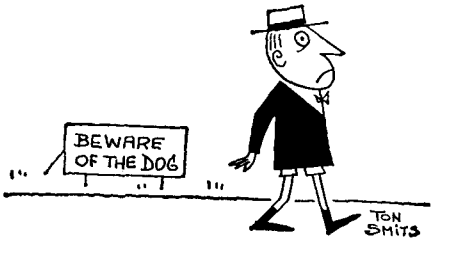
EDITOR'S NOTE: *So many SR readers wrote letters similar to Mr. Karn's that we asked Richard Hill Wilkinson, the author, to help us out. Mr. Wilkinson has replied from Panorama City, California, that this is how Tex won even when he'd sprained his trigger finger: "The answer was comparatively simple. While Tex was no switch hitter, he merely shifted his gun to his left hip and stayed up half the night practicing a left-hand draw. When the showdown finally came at noon the next day it was pretty much touch and go, but Tex triumphed." The author adds that he would hate to think what would have happened to the original manuscript if Tex hadn't triumphed.*

WE LEFT OUT PRINCETON

I THOUGHT IT unfortunate that the author of "The New Look in Alumni Magazines" [*SR*, Feb. 10], John Tebbel, failed in his interesting article to mention one alumni magazine which is certainly worthy of the highest commendation. I refer to the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*, which during the past three months has supplied its readers with the following material, all of it written by or about Princeton alumni and faculty members, or excerpted from publications of the University press: "God and Science," by Jacques Maritain; "Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller," by Alan S. Downer; "Africa, America, and the United Nations," a tripartite article by Lawrence Ekpebu of Nigeria, G. Mennen Williams, and Adlai Stevenson; an article on African neutralism by William H. Attwood, U.S. Ambassador to Guinea; and numerous other articles on various literary, scientific, political, and historical subjects, in addition to the usual fifteen pages of university news and class notes. All this for the cost of a Princeton diploma—which runs about $14,000 sans scholarship.

DARCY O'BRIEN.

Berkeley, Calif.



JOHN TEBBEL did not have as a main theme the founding and history of alumni magazines in his article "The New Look in Alumni Magazines." Nevertheless, his reference to the historical dispute between Wooster College and Yale University needs to be clarified.

Wayland Academy, located in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, published the first alumni magazine in the month of June, 1882. This alumni magazine was published seventeen years before Wooster's first edition and nine years before Yale's *Daily News*. On the seventy-fifth anniversary of the *Wayland Greetings*, the American Alumni Council made known the fact that until additional information was made available to the Council, the *Wayland Greetings* was indeed the first alumni publication.

The following excerpts taken from the 1882 issue may prove interesting: "A mere beginning has been made in 27 years since the founding of Wayland. No institution, church or society grows of itself. Its growth and prosperity depend on earnest and consecrated labor and on intelligent and liberal support. And when all are united, the work glows and success adds new strength. In this alumni magazine, we purpose to lay before you those things which seem vital to the welfare of Wayland. We shall try to do it clearly, briefly, and with all Christian grace, and we expect from you hearty cooperation and friendly suggestions. The interest is sacred and common to us all. Let all, therefore, have some part in it."

RAYMOND A. PATTERSON,
Headmaster,
Wayland Academy.

Beaver Dam, Wis.

JOHN TEBBEL'S article on alumni magazines was gratifying to one who was until quite recently engaged in the crazy business of communicating with alumni.

No one really knows what the future of the alumni magazine will be, but if it has a future at all, it will be because of the dedicated efforts of Corbin Gwaltney and the revolution he wrought. Gwaltney is an editor's editor, the Compleat Professional in a field traditionally overpopulated by amateurs.

It is also significant that *Saturday Review* is the first important national magazine to report in depth on the astonishing phenomenon that is Editorial Projects for Education. Congratulations.

ROBERT L. PAYTON,
Vice Chancellor
for University Development,
Washington University.

St. Louis, Mo.

JOHN TEBBEL'S ARTICLE, "The New Look in Alumni Magazines," lacks just three words: Jean Dinwoodey Linehan.

Mrs. Linehan and alumni magazines are like Betsy Ross and Old Glory stripes.

In 1951 Mrs. Linehan helped to found the American Alumni Council, and as editor of AAC publications was the chief coordinator of alumni editorial workshops

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and Moonshooter (which developed into EPE) until she resigned from her job last year.

Corbin Gwaltney, who would share any original idea, deserves all the credit you gave him. But he is a person who would not want any praise if he could not share it with Jean Linehan and many, many others you, of course, haven't room to list.

Thank you for your article.

CATHERINE J. JOHNSON,
Managing Editor (1951-58),
College of Medical Evangelists
Alumni Journal.
Seattle, Wash.

I AM WRITING to request permission to reprint John Tebbel's article on alumni publishing which appeared in the February 10 *SR*. We were all most pleased with the article, and are anxious to share it with our members. Of course credit will be given to *SR*.

MRS. JEAN MERCKER,
Assistant Editor,
American Alumni Council.
Washington, D.C.

FURTHER INTELLIGENCE ON OFFSET

G. HARRIS DANZIGER [LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR, Feb. 10] doesn't make printing's fuzzy technical vocabulary any more meaningful by confusing "cold type" (the paper product of typewriter-like machines) and "photocomposition" (the photographic film or paper output of *wholly photographic* typesetting systems).

These two typesetting techniques differ greatly in cost, capabilities, and areas of usefulness. Probably their main point in common is association with offset printing.

THOMAS E. COATES.
New Rochelle, N. Y.

WAITS FOR THE NEW YORK *TIMES*

I WISH I COULD share your opinion of buoyant health expressed [*SR*, Feb. 10] in "Los Angeles and the 'Dying Newspaper.'" Maybe it's because I live here and I'm not publishing one of these suburban news-advertisers.

It's not that I miss the *Examiner;* nor is the *Mirror* much more of a loss. Its owner never let it become the liberal newspaper he wanted us to accept it as. His periodic snaps on the leash were obvious.

I guess it's because I can no longer even toy with the idea of switching papers. Now all I can do is wait for the New York *Times* and hope they'll build up on our megapolis news too. Los Angeles deserves more than it has now—in quality, that is.

E. A. MULVANEY.
Playa del Rey, Calif.

BELATED THANKS

MAY I ADD MY somewhat belated thanks for your editorial on ETV [*SR*, Jan. 13]. It was a most realistic evaluation of the future of educational television. The quote by Newton Minow was a "grabber." A greater sense of showmanship would perform miracles for ETV in the ratings race.

ANDREW KERBY.
Greeley, Colo.

American Philosophy

Continued from page 16

is part of our idealism that we think well of art—and part of our materialism that we don't think well of artists. It is part of our idealism that a college education is essential—and part of our materialism that we don't think much of colleges.

We are not an intellectual country. At our best we are simply not interested. At our worst we are definitely against. This fact has been noted over and over again—the only argument possible is about the exact degree.

But what has remained unnoticed is the reason for this disturbing anti-intellectualism. This is the one subject on which the divergent sections of our implicit hidden philosophy, idealistic materialism, agree. Believing as we do, as our unthought heritage has led us to do, we must of necessity be anti-intellectual. Idealism insists that there are no *new* intellectual ideas to be advanced. Materialism insists that there are no *important* intellectual ideas. They are slightly different approaches but the implication is clear: things intellectual are things nonsensical.

We think simply because all men are men of good will they can be got to agree; that is our idealism. But we don't think philosophy counts; this is our materialism.

This is the way we are now: a series of contradictions and one point of agreement. There are many things in our society that could be better; there are even more that could be far worse. But whatever we are, whatever we think we are, whatever value we set upon our current position, we will want to change, to improve. And for any social change to be permanent or far-reaching in its effect, it must take into consideration our prevailing unconscious attitudes. As unconscious beliefs influence the conscious actions of an individual, so do inherent attitudes influence the actions of a society. As a people we *do* have a philosophy. We are not conscious of it as the Russians are conscious of theirs. But then theirs is still new. Ours is not. Ours goes so deep we are no longer aware of it. But to be unaware of a thing is not to be uninfluenced by it. We have a deep feeling of insecurity based on the concealed holding of a split philosophy. Our philosophy may be hidden but it is no less operative. It is necessary, then, that we bring the hidden philosophy to light, and heal the split in it by restoring the kind of compromise that Peirce had suggested. If we are to maintain our freedom and our moral authority in the world, it is essential that we become aware of the nature of philosophy and the social power that it is.

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(Continued on page 56)

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(Continued from page 55)

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(Continued on page 58)

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(Continued from page 57)

CAMPS

CAMP BIOTA. Ideal summer FUN AND KNOWLEDGE for adventurous boys, 9-14. Natural Science for gifted. Private lake. 400 acres. Survival techniques, creative indigenous crafts, canoe trips. Fishing, swimming, archery, riflery, riding. Excellent staff. Phone: Nashville, Tennessee, POplar 6-2494. Write: Dr. and Mrs. Forrest S. Evans, Joelton, Tennessee.

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VACATIONS

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1458

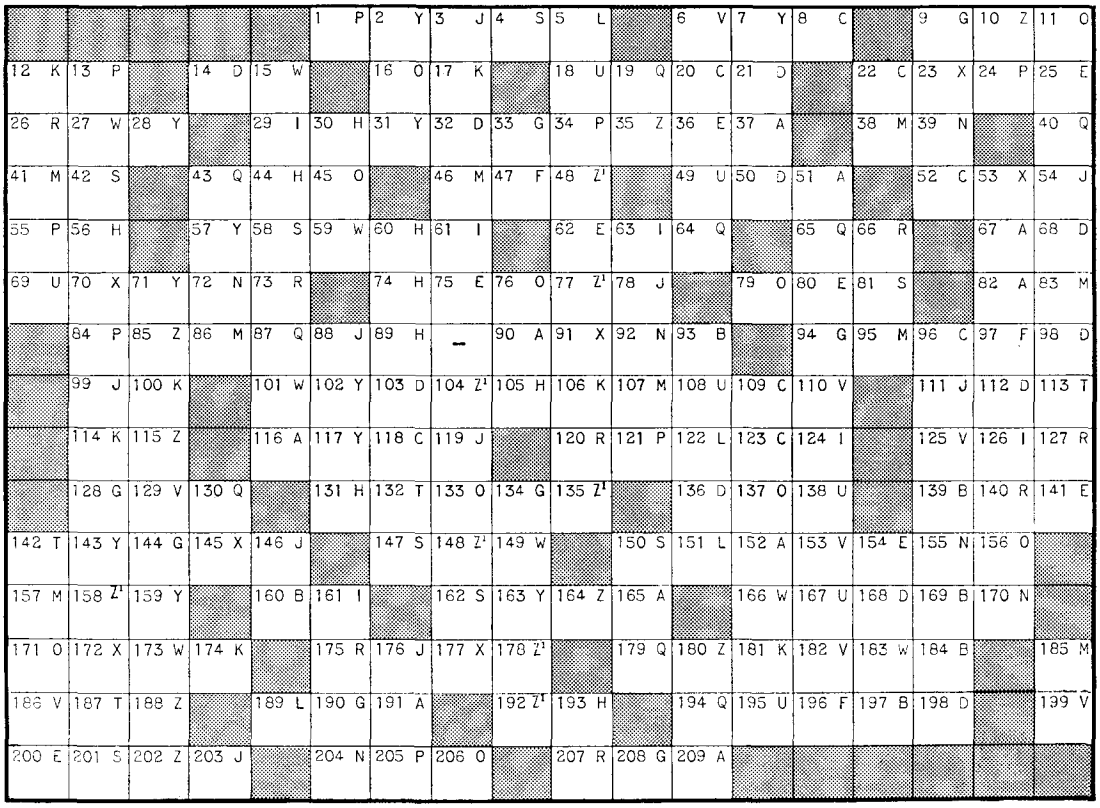
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Followed by Word E, 12th-cent. English historian, important source of legend of King Arthur (2 wds.).	37 191 152 67 116 51 165 209 82 90
B. German-English capitalist who estab. 1849 a pigeon post-telegraph which developed into a great news agency.	169 197 139 160 184 93
C. Spanish variety show, a sort of vaudeville.	20 22 123 96 118 8 52 109
D. Obligated, though not under specific constraint (3 wds.).	68 112 98 168 14 21 136 32 50 198 103
E. See Word A.	25 75 36 141 200 80 62 154
F. Day before a feast day.	47 196 97
G. Founder of educational institution which became Hamilton College (1741-1808).	134 144 33 9 128 208 190 94
H. Parasite; flatterer.	56 89 30 193 60 74 131 44 105
I. Soprano who sang première of Deems Taylor's "The King's Henchman" at the Met.	63 29 124 61 161 126
J. Storied Christmas dish, not frequently met with now (2 wds.).	119 3 99 203 88 146 54 111 78 176
K. Twine around.	17 100 114 12 106 174 181
L. The mind as rational, the Reason.	151 189 122 5
M. Any plant of the genus *Chenopodium*.	41 185 157 46 86 83 107 95 38
N. A French wife.	72 204 39 92 170 155
O. Any strolling minstrel.	171 156 79 137 16 133 45 11 76 206
P. Avoiding labor and Word Z^1.	24 13 34 121 1 205 55 84
Q. Great modern philosopher, taught at Harvard 1889-1912.	194 40 64 65 43 130 179 87 19
R. Bequeath (2 wds.).	120 26 73 127 207 66 175 140
S. Wealthy; a tributary stream.	150 147 162 58 201 42 4 81
T. Amer. theatre-owner and motion picture producer, whose son carries on his work (1870-1927).	187 142 113 132
U. Norwegian island group, valuable for fisheries.	18 49 69 167 138 195 108
V. Queen of Serbia who divorced her husband but was reconciled five years later (1859-1941).	186 125 153 199 6 110 182 129
W. Subject to strict examination with a view to repair, etc.	15 183 59 149 166 101 173 27
X. Having little financial strength, though pretending to considerable.	70 53 145 172 91 177 23
Y. Acts of finding out things previously unknown; laying bare of particulars.	102 163 57 31 117 143 71 7 2 159 28
Z. Headgear of Dionysus (2 wds.).	35 164 188 180 202 115 85 10
Z^1 Vigorous or laborious effort.	135 48 178 77 192 104 148 158

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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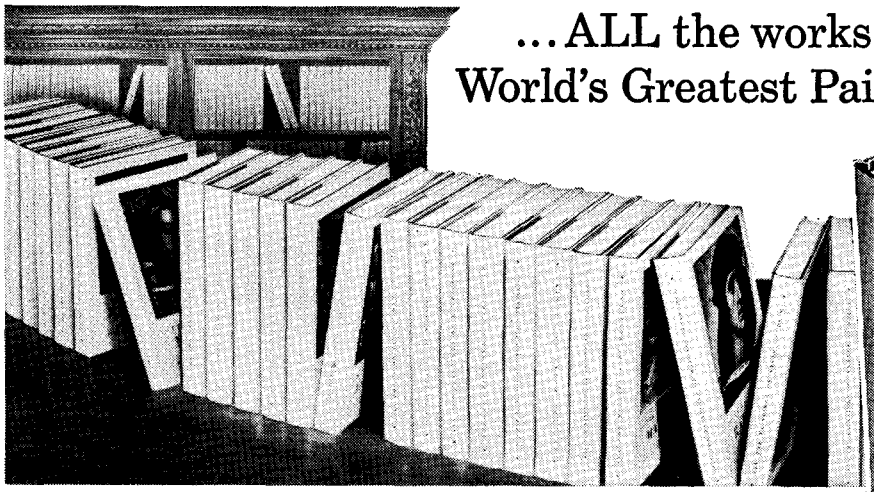

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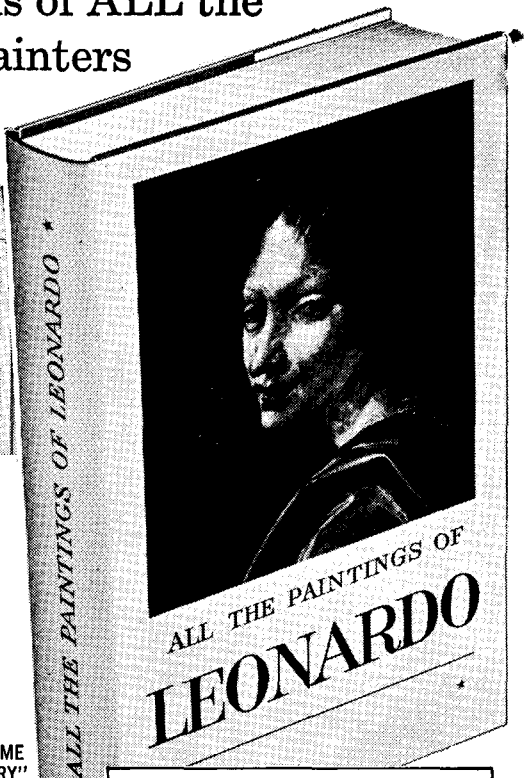

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